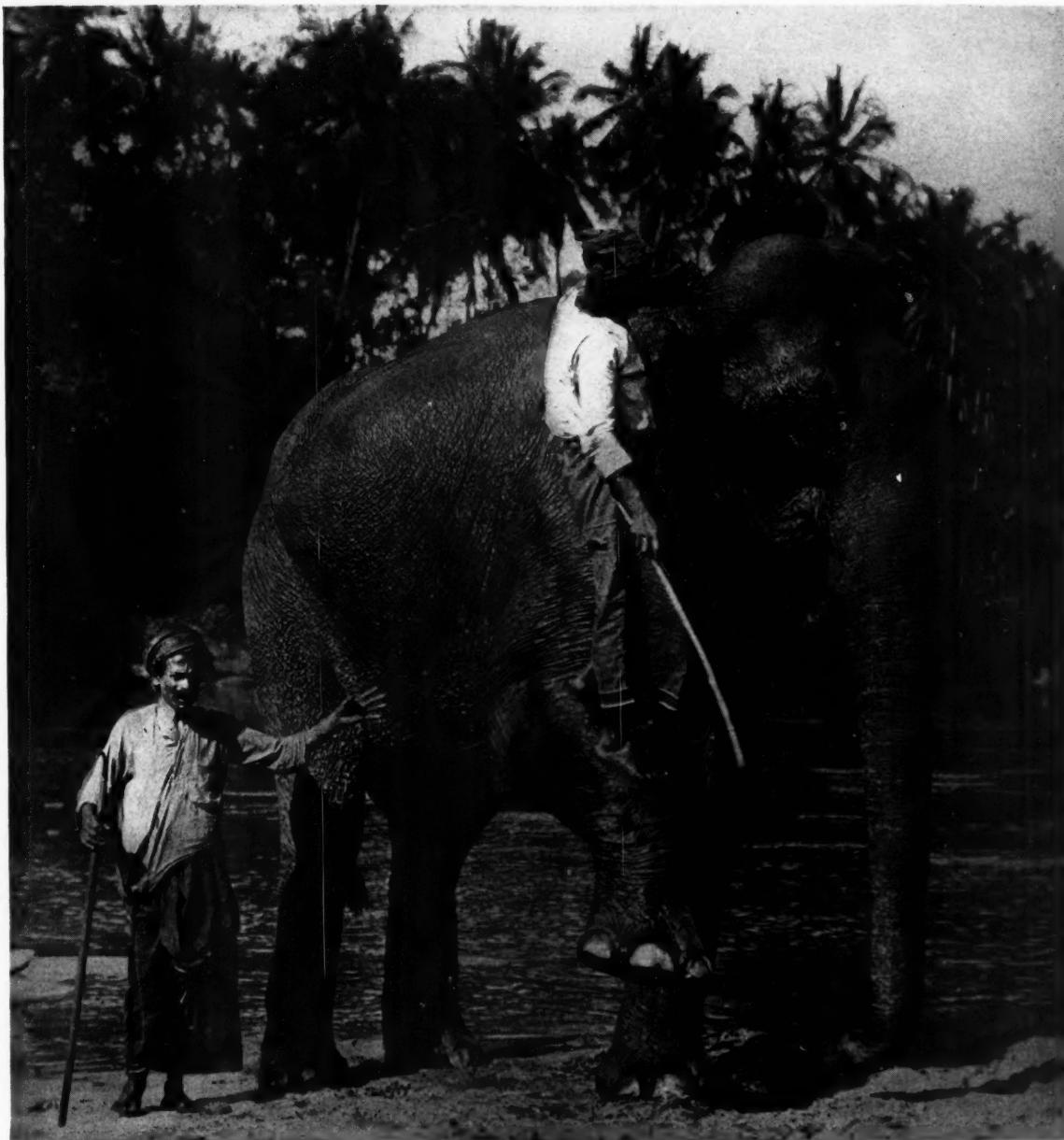


YOUTH'S COMPANION



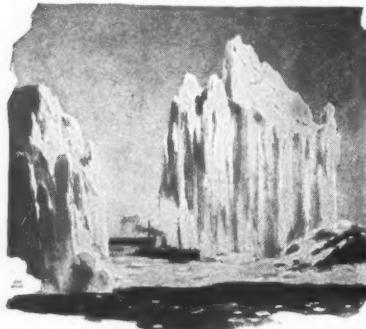
Photograph from Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

ALL ABOARD!—A CEYLONSE MAHOUT MOUNTS HIS ELEPHANT

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ASK... ANY... RADIO... ENGINEER



**With the
"Trouble-Shooters"
of the
North Atlantic**

ICE-BERGS—towering, ponderous, deadly mountains of ice drift southward from the ice fields of the Arctic into the traffic lane of trans-Atlantic steamers.

Locating and destroying them is the perilous and never-ending duty of the United States Coast Guard Cutters.

Shell fire and high explosives, however, often fail to blow the bergs from the sea, and warnings are then broadcasted by radio to every ship whose course lies through the danger zone.

Smooth power, unfailing dependability over long periods and under all conditions of service are qualities demanded in the radio batteries used in this dangerous naval service.

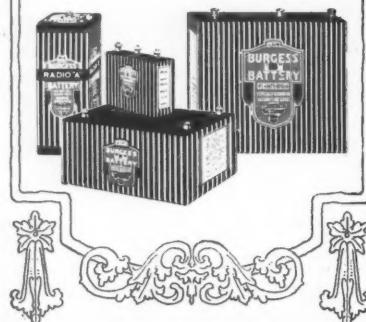
The fact that Burgess Batteries meet those requirements recommends them to you for your own receiving set.

Ask Any Radio Engineer

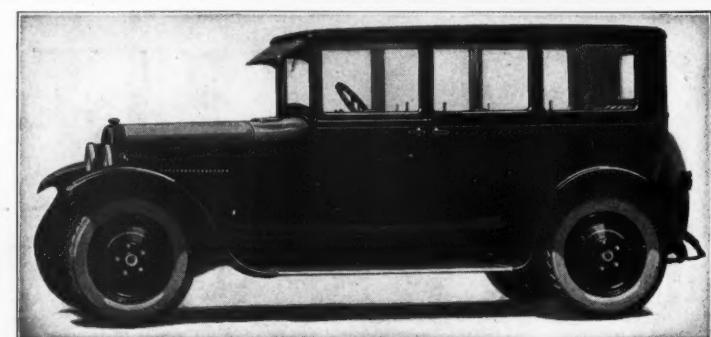
**BURGESS BATTERY
COMPANY**

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO

Canadian Factories and Offices:
Niagara Falls and Winnipeg



**BURGESS
RADIO BATTERIES**



How would your family look in this handsome new Dodge Sedan? You can get it for yourself by some pleasant activity between now and March 1.

How You Can Make Yourself Richer

WRITES Mrs. D. A. Colter, of Alberta, Canada: "I am inclosing an order for five subscriptions to The Youth's Companion which I secured yesterday between 4.40 and 6.00 P.M. I am out to win first prize in your contest, and will make every effort to do so, if I have to cover all Alberta and Saskatchewan. Before March 1st I expect to send in hundreds."

This is the spirit that wins. If this lady, living in a thinly settled district, can take five subscriptions and earn \$2.50 for herself in an hour and twenty minutes, how many can you take with your greater advantages?

Then there is Mrs. J. E. Channell, of Chauncey, Georgia. "I've been a reader of The Youth's Companion for thirty years," she writes, "and it gets better every year. I have a daughter, sixteen years of age, who is winning some of the premiums and is also in the 'Castle of Dreams Come True' contest. I read The Companion from cover to cover each week. How it helps to keep my heart young! I am inclosing a list of five subscriptions; another list is sure to follow soon."

And Mrs. William H. Searls writes from Chicago: "My father has been sick in bed for nearly a year. Having always been a very active man, holding a responsible position even now, this has been a trial. Now he is enjoying getting subscriptions to The Companion and receiving your premiums. He received a scroll saw, attached it to a motor and has been making toys in bed for the kiddies' Christmas. He has been happier and seems better since he has had something to occupy his mind."

Another earnest worker for The Companion is Mrs. A. G. Page of Charles City, Iowa: "The Youth's Companion has been a friend of the Page family for thirty-six years, and I feel like addressing you as the friend you have been, and always will be. Through you I have secured so many delightful and useful gifts and money. I try to make others feel how educational, pleasant and helpful its coming is. I am sending in twelve new subscriptions."

"The Companion," writes another friend, "has been in our family for fifty years. We prize it even more in these days than we did a few years ago, as it is one of the few modern publications which is clean and tends to uplift its readers."

Make Yourself Happy

No one can read letters like these, and realize how much their senders are enriching themselves and their friends and neighbors by winning our premiums and making The Companion better known, without wishing to go out and do something for himself. Did you spend more money than you intended to spend last Christmas? Here is a quick, sure way to make up the amount. Take subscriptions for The Youth's Companion. They are waiting for you everywhere. Just ask for them. We will keep you supplied with sample copies—the wonderful, enlarged issues which The Youth's Companion has been publishing to celebrate its Hundredth Anniversary.

With plenty of these sample copies to give your friends and neighbors, you can quickly persuade them how much happiness and pleasure and profit they can derive from reading The Youth's Companion regularly. And the only way to get it, remember, is by

subscription. Every subscriber joins the great Companion family and enjoys all its privileges. Perhaps the boys in the family will be smart enough to join the Y. C. Lab and earn prizes ranging upward from \$5.00 to a full four-year scholarship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Perhaps the girls will become members of the wonderful new G. Y. C. society, which will give away hundreds of dollars in cash prizes during the next six months, and afterwards. Perhaps some boy or girl in your own town, on your own street, will win the \$500.00 prize for short-story writing announced on page 1033 of this very issue which you are now reading.

And apart from these extraordinary advantages, which no other magazine can match, there are the famous stories and serials in The Youth's Companion, now even better than they have always been. There are the serious, uplifting biographies like "The Great Good Man," which hundreds of teachers tell us has been the most popular thing they have found for their classes this winter. There are the short stories and items in the Miscellany columns, the famous Children's Page, the inspiring interviews with great men and women, and all the other features, new and old, which have made The Youth's Companion not only the oldest magazine in its field but also the most respected and best-loved magazine in the world.

Point out some of these advantages to your friends. This is what you will win for yourself:

Here Are Your Rewards

For every new subscription you take, you may have 50 cents in cash for yourself, or your choice from among the beautiful and remarkable premiums shown in the great catalogue appearing in our October 21, 1926, issue. (If you have not a copy, write me and I will send one free.)

And furthermore, all the subscriptions you take between October 21, 1926, and March 1, 1927, will count for you toward winning the Trip to Europe for Two, the Chrysler 60 Coach, the Dodge Sedan, the Ciné-Kodak Motion-picture Camera, or any of the other Grand Prizes offered free to successful workers.

Go through your town, and the farm homes around it, with a fine-tooth comb! See everybody—men, women, boys and girls. Tell them all about The Companion. Tell them about yourself, and why you are representing us. You will make new friends, and their friendship will be valuable to you.

Don't stop with two subscriptions, even though they have brought you a splendid premium. Two more will be easier to take than the first two. Practice makes perfect. The second hundred orders are always easier than the first hundred. Be like a general, planning a campaign. Decide how you can reach the most homes, and how you can reach them most quickly. Generalship counts. Never take "no" for an answer, but call again as long as there is hope of success.

Win one of the big prizes! You can do it if you try.

Your friend,

Mason Willia.

8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

JAN. 1, 1927



New Year- New Leaf- Fresh Effort

*Will You Take
Part in the Big
Things Parker
Duofold Shall Write?*

Again each one for himself starts writing a new chapter in his life's career. Will not the advantage be on the side of those who employ in this fresh effort a pen that cannot fail them, and cannot fail to inspire them?

The speed that goes with super-smoothness, the accuracy that goes with reliability, the capacity that goes with strength—that's Parker Duofold. Its standards have never been matched. Let them be your standards.

They have made Parker Duofold rise higher and higher in the world's employment, until the New Year finds this classic doing a major portion of America's handwriting. Daily association with this successful pen cannot but influence your own success.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY
JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

Red and Black
Color Combination
Reg. Trade Mark
U. S. Pat. Offce

**Parker
Duofold Jr. \$5**

*With Lucky Curve Feed and 25 Year Point
Duofold Sr., \$7 Lady Duofold, \$5*

Non-Breakable Permanite Barrel
—Oversize Ink Capacity—Point
Guaranteed 25 Years Not Only
for Mechanical Perfection but
for Wear!

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 100

DECEMBER 30, 1926

NUMBER 52

AND then the clothes-line broke! No, not the clothes-line. That was new. The ancestral clothes post! It had simply fainted. Down went the united garments of the family, into the dust.

After all I had endured that morning, the accident was too horrible. I wept aloud. Presently I felt my husband's hand pat my shoulder.

"I won't!" I raged. "I won't go on living here in Tillicum Valley forever! I hate the farm! The wash bench wobbles! The tubs are preposterous! The pump creaks! My skirts swish! My shoes ooze! Every Monday of my life forever—and I'm only thirty-two!"

"Go in and rest, darling. I'll rinse the clothes," said John.

I swished in, but not to rest. It was time to set the table in the dining-room—five hundred extra steps. I squeaked about in weary haste. A fly sought sanctuary on the hanging lamp. I swatted the lamp with peculiar satisfaction, for I hated it. Its glass pendants jingled with an absurdly merry sound. I began to laugh.

I laughed more when I looked out and saw John hanging the clothes at strange angles between two apple trees. A shining car passed with a flutter of hands. John flapped a towel gayly. What would the Henleys think of me? Another neighbor approached—Life Smith, a pleased but not pleasant spectator. His whole name was Life Liberty Pursuit Smith—or so we judged from his initials. Certainly he was always in pursuit of us with advice and commiserations.

"Dinner!" I called.

John waved the last towel. Junior and Betty came running, happy with hunger. To my despair Mr. Smith stopped his fat horses, descended, and ambled toward the house as if I had called him too. He slapped John on the back with a loud guffaw.

"How-de-do, Mrs. Day. I wouldn't of missed seein' John hang out the Monday wash fer a farm. Clo's post broke smack off, eh? Rotten at the roots like the rest of this old place! Them I-talian tenants did more harm in two year than John can fix in three. That Tony was a born loafer. Fences down—alfalfa pastured to death! Even when John's folks was alive this place was no better'n mine, an' I'd jump at five thousand fer my place any day!"

"Dinner is ready. Won't you join us, Mr. Smith?" I was trying to stand so he couldn't see my shoes.

"No, I jest come in to ask if you've found your freezer yet? You ain't! What did them I-talians do with it? We always used to borrow from John's folks, but I guess I'll have to buy a freezer!" He looked at me piercingly. "Ain't you about tired of farm life, Mrs. Day?"

"I am!"

"Pity you ever tried it, an' John gettin' good money in the city. Next you'll be tryin' to sell, like I am."

"I am planning to sell in the spring," said John.

At these incredible words I gasped. Never had John uttered one syllable before about selling. My joyful glance flew to Mr. Smith. A strange gleam of triumph seemed to retrace into his cold, pale eyes.

"You'll be lucky if you can get four thousand. Tony's wife was always naggin' at him to save up an' make you an offer. But the ghost scared 'em out. Whether you believe in



"Can't we take down the hanging lamp?" I urged. "Why, yes," John agreed, with a secret, boyish, ashamed look

The Hanging Lamp

By MELCENA BURNS DENNY

Illustrated by HEMAN FAY

'em or not, a ghost lowers the value of your farm."

"What's a ghost, mother?" asked little Betty.

"A ghost, precious, is a limb rubbing against the roof in a wind. Junior is almost sure which limb it is. Must you go, Mr. Smith?"

Then, when he was gone, "Oh, John! Do you really mean you are willing to sell and move back to the city?"

John put both hands on my shoulders in his kind, elderly way—he is two months my senior—and said, "We are going to be happy, Elizabeth. If our happiness lies in the city, there we will live."

"Near the Whitneys again!" I knew John missed the Whitneys. He and Howard Whitney had been pals from boyhood, and Belle had gone to the same school too—the little one-room district school with the tall oak tree and the pump, where my own children were actually eager to enroll!

"Can we take Rover to the city?" demanded Betty, close to tears.

I had a daunting vision of the big dog occupying our tiny apartment to the exclusion of ourselves.

"We'll see, dear."

"We can't take my pony." Junior spoke with low-voiced reasonableness, as if to himself.

"John, I don't want to influence you too much," I quavered. "I'm worn out. Four months trying to get settled! I work and work, and my hair strings down, and to cap all when the clothes post fell—"

"I'm going to get you iron posts and set them in cement."

"Don't," I protested. "We're going to sell!"

"Every little improvement helps a sale." He smiled whimsically. "I don't know but

what two strong posts of chaste design might sell the place."

"Then get them!" I cried. "And watch what I do to this house! I can make it fool anybody!"

"Fool anybody?"

"It's all so ugly—like that hanging lamp! But I can cheer it up."

"I always thought the lamp was pretty," confessed John. "But I read so many good books under its light when I was a boy—" Then, changing his tone, he said heartily, "Go to it! Spend a hundred dollars."

A hundred dollars! We could not afford it. But it would come back quadruple in a sale, I felt sure. I fell to figuring.

JOHN installed the new clothes posts. It was gratifying to have plenty of line, immovably supported by those neat, slim posts. But I was all for hastening through my daily work, and not lingering to enjoy clothes posts. Clothes worn unseen went unironed. I planned every step to save myself time. Without robbing the children of play, I turned their energies into helpful channels. And the children were such good sports about it I put some money into their purses every week.

"It's yours, children. Part may have to go for things you need, part for pleasure. But it's yours."

"I think that's a good plan," John remarked. "Fine man as my father was, I had to ask him for every dollar I needed till I was grown. I left the farm really because I wanted to handle my earnings like a man. When we came back, I planned to make the children partners with you and me—to let them raise a calf or pig apiece every year and enjoy the profit. It isn't merely a back-to-the-farm movement our country needs—it's a stay-on-the-farm plan that will keep the

young people interested."

"But the wives! Are farms forever going to have worked-to-death wives?"

"Why, hardly!" John with twinkling eyes read from a clipping his pocket yielded. "Here is the pronouncement of some intelligent Nebraska women: 'A power washing machine for every tractor; a bathtub for every binder; running water for every riding plow; a kerosene cook stove for every automobile truck; a fireless cooker for every mowing machine; and their share in the farm income.'"

"Fine!" I approved. "I hope my successor can work that out." At that moment the children came in with a squash from our garden. I throned it on a black enameled tray, where it shone like a futurist sun.

"There!" said Junior admiringly. "I guess, if any buyers come now, that summer squash would sell the place!"

"What a lovely yellow! Betty, I'm going to make your walls all mellow sunshine! Peter Pease is coming tomorrow to do the ceilings, but I'm going to do the walls myself."

"I want pink. I love pink," said Betty wistfully.

"I want my walls the color of that squash," declared Junior.

After all, why not? I might as well please the children, even if I were painting for buyers.

NEXT day Peter Pease, who had already cleaned the flues and gutters and pronounced the old house firm as a rock, washed the mud-colored tint from the children's rooms and did the ceilings in ivory. I had decided to paint the walls, so they would stand soap. First I sized them—a process easy but essential. Then I mixed buff and ivory for Junior's room, using a flat-tone paint that looked velvety. I curtained his windows in yellow, and together Junior and I mended and rubbed old walnut furniture that had been John's mother's. Junior undertook to make shelves. It was astonishing what skill he showed with tools! He assembled all his boyish treasures: books, Indian implements, arrowheads, and his strange new collection of agricultural pests, from the earwig that imperiled Betty's flower garden to our ancient enemy the cooling-moth.

I didn't care for them, but Junior beamed and embraced me. "Say, it's great to have some space all your own! Remember how I had to keep my boxes of beetles under the dining-room couch in the city?"

Yes, and I remembered how he had to sleep on that same couch.

Betty's room had been furnished in what we called our museum pieces—relics of maid's room furniture. We changed them to ivory enamel. The room developed in an ethereal pink, between shell pink and ivory; I put bluebird and apple-blossom cretonne at the windows and copied the bluebird and apple-blossom motif on her bed and dresser and rocking chair; and every place there was a knob, I made it blue. Betty expanded and glowed and kissed the walls every time she entered her room.

"Pink is so beautiful, mother! Oh, did that kiss make it dirty?"

"Never mind. Kiss it again. It will wash."

"How the children love your work!" John said with shining eyes. "Junior's room used to have trunks in it. I remember the drip,

drip, drip of rain on the porch outside. How did you brighten the room so?"

"I made it yellow!" I boasted. "Junior demanded it. If our buyers come in a storm, this room will sell the house!"

"It's bully! But no more step-ladder art, Elizabeth. You may be brittle. I'll paint for you when it's pouring."

But I couldn't resist climbing. Besides, John was working like two men, mending fences, harvesting crops, and getting the farm shipshape. The children entered school and adored the long walk across fields. Betty loaded herself with weeds and wild flowers indiscriminately and presented them daily to her teacher in the solemn belief that they were all beautiful. And her teacher did make them beautiful! How Mary Henley, with her college education, could be content to teach the little home school was a puzzle to me. But of course the Henleys were unusual people. The children drew inspiration from even the weeds on her desk.

"The very same desk I used to put red apples on!" grinned John.

In October John had to go to the city for a week. When he returned I flung the whole house, as it were, before him. The kitchen was deep cream, with green and gray linoleum. It had green checked gingham curtains at the windows that seemed to invite the whole outdoors to come a little closer. The living-room, guest-room and our bedroom were fresh with new paper—maybe Peter Pease and I hadn't worked! The dining-room was smart in new paint, too.

"Can't we take down the hanging lamp?" I urged.

"Why, yes," John agreed, with that look in his eyes I'd seen before—a secret, boyish, ashamed look of loyalty.

"Oh, mother, the roses and the bee on it are so pretty!"

"It isn't a bee," objected Junior painstakingly. "It isn't a horsefly, either."

"Well, I'm glad of that!" I gasped. "May be our buyers will be mid-Victorian," I reconsidered. "Really, the lamp is so ugly it's almost beautiful. Now let our buyers come!"

"Elizabeth, the Whitneys may buy from us. They have inherited little money."

"The Whitneys!" I was dumbfounded. "They know this farm. I told them Mr. Smith wants to sell too."

"Oh, why did you do that? Let's sell them ours! I'll write and invite them for New Year's. My kitchen will sell the house!"

The Whitneys promptly accepted our invitation. Then the Henleys invited us! It was so neighborly, it made my heart warm, even though we were obliged to decline.

It is wonderful to be expecting dear friends for guests. Of course it means work—but there was little to do to the house now except polish the doorknobs! I made mince-meat and arranged my jelly for display.

John was as boyish as Junior. For, happy culmination of our thrift, our crops were marketed, and we had money in the bank. The wood was in. The smell of apples in the cellar was like carnations.

"That smell will sell the house!" cried my little echo, Betty, drawing an intoxicated breath. "I wish I had a bottle of apple perfume!"

NEIGHBOR SMITH had watched our undertakings with amazement, not to say disfavor.

Early one morning, when the wind was in an unusual quarter, Junior found the ghost. John climbed up to saw it off. Mr. Smith chanced to be passing.

"What are you doin' up in that elm tree, John?" he shouted.

"Sawing off the ghost!" John roared back.

"Pursuit's coming in!" I giggled, wobbling the ladder.

"Steady there! I'm the only husband you've got, woman!"

"Land sakes, wasn't it anything but that limb rubbin' an' groanin'?"

"Apparently not. We caught it in the act."

Mr. Smith hung round. "Still calculate to sell, now you've nabbed the ghost?"

"Why, it wasn't the ghost that made us plan to sell!"

Pursuit with a cold, thoughtful eye was seemingly in the throes of some thrifty scheme. "Times ain't favorable fer sales!"

"Can't you sell?"

"No! Buyers ain't to be found! Farm lands have let down—prices have dropped so the crops ain't worth a nickel. I'd like to sell and clean out. But if I've got to stay, I need more alfalfa land fer my critters. I'll offer you four thousand five hundred spot cash fer your whole place, complete."

I trembled, but John threw down a limb of the ghost with great coolness.

"I think I have a buyer, Mr. Smith. I'll consider your offer, however, if my friend doesn't buy."

"Has he seen it?" pried Pursuit.

"He's coming on New Year's Day."

Pursuit's pale blue eyes turned on me. "You're sick of the place, ain't you, Mrs. Day?"

"Oh, I don't know!" I said airily. I let him look at me as sharply as he wished, and I didn't try to hide my feet. Since my house was in order, my hair was usually in order too; and my dress.

"Spot cash!"

"His will be spot cash too."

"I'll make it five thousand, since I want your answer now. By heck, that's a lot of money, John! I'd jump at it if anybody offered me that fer mine!"

John came down out of his tree. "If you'll give me an option on your place, for thirty days, for five thousand, I'll write to a number of my city friends about it."

"Well, now, he, he, he! I was speakin' figurative!"

"Well, what is your price, then? You always said five thousand."

"Seven thousand five hundred—not a cent less!" said our neighbor, with a rasping noise in his bony throat, like scouring a pan.

John made a memorandum.

"Will you sign that?"

"Sign it?" grated Pursuit, trying to look offended. "Ain't my word good?"

"Yes, but my city friends don't know you as I do. They might not bother to answer unless I can write them definitely that I have an option."

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IN NINE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 2

FOR a full minute Mr. Boyden sat hunched in his chair. His right hand covered his eyes. Beatrice, still on her knees beside him, held his hand between her own and cast an appealing glance upward toward her frightened sister.

"Please, father, excuse me," she said. "You do forgive me, don't you?"

He slowly uncovered his face, stood up like a man in a daze, and went upstairs to his room without a word.

The two girls looked at each other for a long moment. Then Beatrice said, with a touch of her former bitterness:

"So much for my plans! I've made a mess of everything. Good night, Amy." And she moved to the door.

"Good night, Bee dear," responded her sister, slowly. "I think you are very fine to sacrifice your ambition for—"

But Beatrice was gone. And, after a pause, the younger girl turned out the gas and went to her own room. She lay awake for a long time, frightened and wondering. The night was wind-swept, and full of sleep-troubling noises. There was a rattle of the shutters, a creaking of loose boards about the old house. Fallen tree branches and stray papers from the town dump swished along the road and over the yard. And there came the perpetual clatter and bang and roar of the factories in the rear of the house. But in the morning the sun rose in a clear sky, and the wind fell. It was perfect autumn weather.

Philander Boyden's face, as he sat down to breakfast with his daughter, was like the day—unexpectedly serene. He asked a blessing, as was his custom. Then he said:

"When are you going away, Bee?"

"I'm not going, father. I thought you knew—"

"I want you to go," he said. "I've slept on this matter, and, although I don't believe that women are ever fully happy in business careers, I want you to follow your bent. You are too ambitious, too bright, too vital, to be happy here in this dull old house with Amy and the children and me. No—don't interrupt me. If you remained here for my sake, when you felt in your heart that you could do better in the city, I would be the most unhappy man alive. Let us consider the incident as closed."

Beatrice protested, but he waved her objections aside. He hardly seemed to hear them. When the meal ended—and it was a sparse meal of bacon and fried potatoes and coffee with milk, not cream—Beatrice rose and kissed her father. She felt again the thrill of facing a future that was of her own choosing. She thought it would bring her, not only riches, but happiness beyond measure.

She began her preparations for the journey at once. Amy helped her. There was a tear in the little girl's blue eye as she dabbed with a soapy rag at a spot on the skirt of her sister's best dress.

"Oh, Bee," she cried, "you ought to have better clothes. You ought to have a fur neck piece."

But Beatrice laughed. "I will have one, Amy. Next to you and father, I think I love good clothes more than everything in the world."

"But what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to get a position on one of the women's magazines. I'm fond of fashions, and I know a great deal about housekeeping—I've had to get on with so little. And I'm going to study entertaining and interior decorating. I have saved up most of the money Aunt Hattie gave me for my last three birthdays. I have twenty-eight dollars. It will keep me while I look around and decide on a position in New York."

Amy looked surprised. She did not say that all her own money from Aunt Hattie had been spent on household expenses.

AT noon the next day Beatrice Boyden stepped from the train at the Pennsylvania Station in New York City. She climbed up a narrow flight of stairs, and stood for a minute irresolutely in the big waiting-room. Even in her excited mood, she realized that this was the most beautiful room she had ever seen. It made her think of some old Greek temple. As she looked appreciatively at the marble walls and the lovely decoration on the ceiling, her whole expression was so delighted and so interested that many of the passing travelers looked at her with surprise.

Beatrice was well worth looking at for her own sake. Her best dress was shabby, and the skirt had become shiny from long wear. Her blue hat, which she had trimmed the night before, was only an approximation

The Home Girl

By DAVID LORAIN AND ARTHUR FLOYD HENDERSON

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN



There was a tear in Amy's eye as she dabbed at the skirt of her sister's best dress—the high-collared dress that girls wore in 1909

of the style of the year 1909. She carried an ugly black bag of her father's. But Beatrice knew, even then, that, if you wear even the plainest clothes with poise and assurance, you can manage to look rather well. Excitement had brought unwonted color into her cheeks, and her dark eyes glowed. Despite her shabbiness and her strangeness in the city, she looked around the Pennsylvania Station as if she owned it.

At last, thrilling with pleasure as she came out into the crowded street, she inquired her way of a policeman, walked slowly in the indicated direction, and engaged a room at the Martha Washington Hotel.

To have even a tiny room at this famous hotel for women gave her a sense of pride. She looked around her tiny domain with intense interest, noticing everything—the style of the furnishings, the curtains, the rug on the floor, the Gideon Bible on the center table. And then, after a hasty lunch in a small tea room near by, Beatrice walked out to seek a position.

THREE days later, she was back in the Pennsylvania Station again. Her money was spent, except a few nickels and dimes. Her hotel bill, and carfares, and ticket home, had taken the rest of it. She had found no position waiting for her.

Beatrice had tried hard. She was not easily discouraged. She had been to the office of each magazine for women of which she had heard—Good Homes Magazine, and The Modiste, and New Fashions, and several more. At each one of them, Beatrice interviewed the office manager and was forced to admit that she had no previous experience, was not a stenographer or typist, and had never done any writing for any magazine except her school paper.

Each office manager took down Beatrice's name and address and promised to let her know if a vacancy occurred at a future time. Beatrice sensed that this promise was made chiefly to get rid of her.

At the office of New Fashions, she asked frankly if untrained girls were ever accepted.

"Oh, once in a while," said the manager. "Sometimes we need a file clerk, or an office girl. But we get them from the employment agencies. Saves time."

"Would it be a good plan for me to put my name down at the agencies?" asked Beatrice.

"Yes—if you want some minor position of that kind. But I understood that you wanted something more; that you wanted to be an assistant editor. If you were a good stenographer, you could surely find something. Or you might work in a store. The good ones run training schools, you know."

But Beatrice rose. It had been made quite plain to her, during this visit and those which preceded it, that there was no desirable "vacancy" for an entirely untrained editor, no matter how ambitious. And Bea-

thousands of them,—well, Amy, I just can't describe it to you."

"I like home best."

And then the little girl, patterning in bare feet across the chilly floor with its threadbare carpet, reached up to turn out the gas burner for her sister.

"You and I are different," said Beatrice.

Amy gave her a long, searching look before she darkened the room. She admired Beatrice with all her heart. It seemed to her that her sister's dark head, silhouetted against the white pillow, was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen.

TO Beatrice, falling asleep quickly after the fatigue of her journey, came few thoughts that night. But before she was asleep, her quick, critical mind presented a picture of Amy.

"She has no style," thought Beatrice. "She will never be interested in fashions. But she is the best and dearest little sister in the world, and I am glad she is here to take care of the whole family. They need a home girl to look after them."

Next morning, Beatrice went to the corner cupboard in the kitchen and took out a thick book. She felt a pang as she opened it. This had been her mother's recipe book, and not only were its printed pages covered with marginal notes, but the book was stuffed full of sheets of letter paper, each containing one or more additional recipes in her mother's small, old-fashioned handwriting. Mrs. Boyden had been famous for the excellence of her housekeeping, and in their prosperous days the Boydens' table had been the best in town.

Now Beatrice looked over these recipes, hour by hour, until she had found what she wanted; and, after copying them off in her dashing, angular writing, she spent the best part of three days doing some mysterious scribbling at the old mahogany desk in the parlor.

Philander Boyden watched Beatrice curiously. At last he could not repress his interest, and asked, "What are you working at so hard, Bee?"

"Oh, just an idea of mine," she answered. "It may work, and it may not. We'll soon see. All this is for Mr. Parker of the *Gazette*."

Mr. Boyden gave her a vague, affectionate smile and absorbed himself in his book. He knew that Beatrice was interested in writing. She had done some scribbling for the school newspaper, and she had been editor of her class album. But the Boydens had been doers, not writers. Philander had no confidence that Beatrice could write any literature that people would care to read.

In this estimate of his daughter's ability he was greatly mistaken. When she went to call on Frank Parker, the editor of the *Gazette*, she carried with her a complete plan for what she called a "Housewives' Corner." On a big sheet of butchers' paper, the size of a newspaper page, she had marked off a space on which she had sketched out a complete department of daily recipes, household hints, and letters from readers.

SUCH departments were less common in 1909 than they are now. Frank Parker was easily interested in the suggestion. He found that Beatrice had not only prepared complete daily menus for two weeks but had written many notes on the solution of common problems around the house. She had observed her mother's neat, efficient ways—and now this observation was bearing fruit.

"Would you conduct such a department for the *Gazette*?" asked Mr. Parker at last. "We couldn't pay very much, of course. We don't earn much money."

"I'm more interested in the experience than in the money," said Beatrice, trying hard to conceal her excitement. "If you could pay \$10 a week, I would be glad to do this for a while."

"Why that?"

"Well," said Beatrice, gaining in assurance, "I have always wanted to live in New York and work for a magazine there. But they need experienced people, and so—"

"So you thought you would get your experience off me?" remarked Parker, sagely.

"Well, that's fair enough. It would have been wrong to strike me for a job, and not tell me you meant to leave soon. But if the department succeeds, and if I have time enough to get some one to take your place, then I don't see why we can't try it out."

"But it will succeed," exclaimed Beatrice. "All we girls and women in Kingston have wondered why we have to take a big city newspaper to get a service of this kind."

Parker ruminated for some time. Ten dollars a week seems a small sum, but \$10 a

week is \$520 a year—and a small town newspaper has to gain many new subscribers in order to earn \$520. But Parker knew that many people in Kingston took newspapers from the city for exactly the reason that Beatrice had stated. At last, influenced partly by her enthusiasm and partly by his confidence in her mother's knowledge, as reflected in the sample recipes and household hints which Beatrice showed him, he resolved to make the trial.

He warned Beatrice frankly that, if the new department did not pay its own way quickly in increased subscriptions, he would have to drop it and stop paying her salary. She went home nothing daunted by this knowledge. On the way, she stopped at the houses of two friends who did not subscribe to the Gazette, told them about her plans, and persuaded both of them to subscribe.

"I've earned my first week's salary, anyway," she said to Amy.

The little girl was thrilled. She pledged her assistance, and soon Beatrice found—as every other successful person has found—that there is nothing so useful as a willing and unselfish helper.

The "Housewives' Corner" was almost immediately a success. It was crude in appearance, but it was helpful to the reader. Week after week, Mrs. Boyden's true and tried recipes found a place in it. Soon the readers began to contribute letters. They gave their own favorite recipes. Some of them appealed to the others for answers to knotty personal problems. All of them, no doubt, enjoyed seeing their letters in print.

Beatrice worked for hours every day, preparing these letters and other manuscript for the printer. She rented an old typewriter, and taught herself to use it. She drew in black ink a little heading for the department. Immediately under it, Frank Parker placed the words "Beatrice Boyden, Editor." Those three words, when she first saw them in print, gave Beatrice the greatest thrill she had ever felt in her life.

AT the end of a year, Frank Parker stopped Beatrice in the little hall as she was bringing her "copy" one day, and asked her if she was willing to continue for another year at an increased salary.

"I am afraid not," said Beatrice, smiling. "You have been very kind to me, Mr. Parker. And the money you have paid me has meant a great deal to my father and the rest of our family. We had the first really good Christmas dinner last month that we have had in five years. But now I think it is time to say good-by. You see, I think I have learned something—and I won't have to face the city empty-handed again."

The little editor smiled appreciatively. "You'll get a job there, if you go after it," he said.

"Thank you, Mr. Parker. You know, I really think the Corner will almost run itself from now on. But if not—"

"Have you somebody in mind?"

"There's a girl that worked with me on the school album, Molly Pearce. You know her father, the lawyer. Molly is just dreadfully anxious to do something, and she is neat and careful. I am sure I could show her how to do this work."

"Could you? That would be very square of you, Miss Boyden. But then, you've always been square—ever since you told me



"We couldn't pay very much, of course," said Mr. Parker to Beatrice. "The Gazette does not earn much money"

that you only wanted a temporary job. If you could break Miss Pearce in to the work—"

Beatrice promised and went away to find the delighted Molly and give her a first lesson. She put the precious Boyden cookbook into Molly's hands, and Molly promised to guard it carefully and return it if she ever stopped working for the Gazette.

At supper that night poor Amy was disconsolate. "Oh, Bee," she said, "I shall miss the fun of your work so much! Every day, almost, I've stopped doing something and thought: 'There! That's something Bee can put in her Corner.' Sometimes it was just a simple thing, like a piece of garden hose around the lower part of the mop to protect the polish on table legs—but, whatever it was, I saved it up for you, and I have enjoyed it so."

"But, dear," suggested Beatrice, "you can keep on giving all those things to Molly. I know she will come here all the time to consult you. I will tell her to."

"No. It won't be the same thing at all," said Amy, mournfully. And she would not be comforted, even when Beatrice was most full of interesting plans for finding work in some large office in New York.

"I'm only a home girl," Amy would repeat. "I wish I had some of your courage, Bee. But I know, if I ever left home and tried to work in an office, I would be so frightened I would almost die."

Beatrice smiled. She realized that her father, who had been made so much more comfortable by the regularity of her earnings and the various comforts they bought, would

be sorry to have her go. "But it's really for his good, and for the children's good, that I'm going," she said to herself. "I'm positive that I'll be happier when I'm free and independent—making a career!"

ON a sunny March morning, a few weeks later, Beatrice walked into the reception room of Modes, on West 43d Street, New York, hoping for an interview with Stephen Lee, the proprietor and editor. In her hands, which had been empty when she visited the same office a year before, she now held a roll of papers. They were copies of the Gazette containing her department and with them was a letter from Frank Parker, saying that Miss Beatrice Boyden had been a faithful and intelligent member of his staff.

Beatrice felt comforted by the knowledge that she had these things. But she knew that a mere letter of recommendation and a bundle of work accomplished are not enough to secure a position in a big city. All she really hoped was that they would gain her a hearing, not from the office manager but from Mr. Lee himself.

She sent them to him by the office girl who greeted her. Then she sat down to wait. Five minutes passed. They seemed like an hour—a whole month—a year.

Then the office girl returned with the news that Mr. Lee could see Miss Boyden for a minute. He was very busy, the girl explained.

Beatrice's instinct was to say, "Oh, I shall be grateful for a minute of his time." But she hesitated, thinking. And it occurred to her that she could not have persuaded

even kindly Frank Parker to engage her in such a short interview.

"This way, please," said the office girl.

"Is Mr. Lee very busy?" asked Beatrice.

"Oh, yes," said the girl, confidingly. "The paper goes to press on Thursdays, and he and Mrs. Erskine always have such a time with it! This is just about the worst time on which you could have asked for an appointment."

"If that is so," said Beatrice, "please go back and tell Mr. Lee that I wish he would excuse me today, and that I will be back tomorrow—at his convenience."

The girl stared. "Most people want to push right in," she said. "You certainly are different!"

Then she went away to deliver the message; and she delivered it with so much feeling that Mr. Lee was impressed.

"I must remember to see that girl, if she comes again," he said to Mrs. Erskine, his principal assistant. "This is the first time I remember anyone being so decent about saving my time. What's the name? Boyden? I'll remember it."

Next day, when Beatrice returned, he gave her a full opportunity to talk with him. She was rather startled by his appearance; he was a short, unsmiling, youngish man with deep-set gray eyes, and a cleft in his chin.

He listened to her, as searchingly as a district attorney listens to a witness. And then—

"There's no chance here," he said. "Your department in your home newspaper was pretty good. It looks amateurish, but I can see that it was friendly and helpful, and people liked it. But our magazine goes to wealthy readers; they have servants, chefs, butlers. They like good food, but not the cooking of it. And they certainly don't want to read about easy ways of doing housework."

He said this decisively, pushing Beatrice's roll of papers back across his desk to her. Suddenly she realized that he was not looking at the papers, or even thinking about them. He was looking at Beatrice's face, studying it for something—for that indescribable but sure trace of willingness and of ability which every employer learns to look for, above all other things.

She met his eye bravely, even while she admitted to herself that he was a dominating sort of man; a man who would be sure to have his own way.

"There is no vacancy here," he said, almost snapping the words. "I hate the gaping boys and girls who come 'looking for vacancies' and asking what they will be paid even before they say what they can do. Understand?"

"No," replied Beatrice, truthfully.

Stephen Lee smiled. "You know enough to tell the truth, anyway," he said. "If you know that, you know a great deal. But why should you, after running a household department in a small town paper, want me to hire you to work on a high-priced New York fashion and society magazine?"

Beatrice suddenly laughed. "I didn't realize all that," she said. "I'm sorry, Mr. Lee, that I bothered you with something so absurdly wide of the mark."

She rose to go.

"Sit down, please," said Stephen Lee.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

THE circuit-rider was glad to come upon the cabin, although the clearing round about it was so scant and ragged in tilt as to promise scant comfort. He had left the main trace five miles back, thinking to take a short cut cross-country to his next stopping place, with the result of losing himself completely. He was no mean woodsman, yet the clouds were so thick and low-hanging that he had lost all sense of direction.

The cabin stood unfenced, well back from a blind path, in a little level space, with the ground behind dropping sharply to the spring. The spring was so bold you heard the water leap and gurgle, even before you came to the cabin door. The door was of heavy puncheons, stoutly braced and barred, but no latch-string hung hospitably from the face of it, although thready smoke curling from the chimney said there was somebody at home.

So likewise did the big mastiff, crouched yet vigilant beside the rough door step. He had bristled the least bit at sight of the circuit-rider, but by the time Brother Apsley had got down and tethered his horse he stood wagging his tail in amiable welcome.

The Doll and the Preacher

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

Illustrated by ERNEST A. GREEN

Almost as the preacher knocked, the door swung open and a voice shrill with pleasure cried:

"Mammy said, if anybody come, I must ask, 'Who are you?' before I let 'em in. But I know you can't be nobody bad—if you had-a-been Watch would a-done tore you all to pieces."

"Good dog! Thanky, sir!" Brother Apsley said, stooping a little to pat the big tawny head thrust into his hand.

"But if you're all alone, you had better not trust him too far," he went on, looking down, not so far, at the figure confronting him. It was a child's figure, somewhat overgrown, in a plaid linsey frock that came halfway to the knees, notwithstanding it had been pieced with solid stuff around the bottom. The feet were bare and calloused.

"Come right in and sit down," the girl said hospitably, then with a quick glance at the saddle-bags slung across the preacher's arm: "Stay, less'n you've got to git on somwhars to preach. I know you are a preacher, if I did never see one. Mammy says they all have saddle-bags, and most of 'em whiskers."

"You are good at guessing," Apsley said smiling, "much better than I, even if I were not lost and a stranger. Tell me who you are—and where I am. I have no appointment for today, fortunately, but tomorrow I'm due to preach twice—at the Ferry, and at Brother Greer's."

"Oh! I'm so glad. You can stay to dinner," the child said. "I'm havin' holiday, you know—and it's lonesomer'n anything. Mammy give it to me—the holiday—to stay

home from Grandma Britton's and tend to the little young chickens—we've got a brood just hatched. Soon as she knew daddy was goin' to the house-raisin' over at Duncan's, she set her meg to go spend the day with granny—and take all the children. I been laughin', most ever since she started, thinkin' how it'll be. She's ridin' Betsy and totin' Neddy and the baby in her lap, and has got Gen'l and Lady Washington up behind her. I'd be mighty glad I didn't go, if it wasn't for just one thing."

"What is it?" the preacher asked as his hostess paused for breath.

"My sugar-aig," she answered promptly. "Granny has basketfuls of 'em. Ye see, she blows all her goose-aigs, stidder breakin' 'em, and has got the best sugar orchard on the creek. When she's makin' sugar, she fills up the goose-aigs. My me! Ain't they good! I know she'll send me one, but like as not mammy'll let it fall and break—and then let Gen'l eat up the pieces. He's the biggest little glutton—and she so partial to him; hit's a plum shame."

"Partiality is bad—but how about daddy? I more than suspect he is partial to—somebody else," Brother Apsley ventured, his

eyes twinkling. "You haven't told me his name yet," he went on, "nor how I can get to the Ferry—"

"Easy enough. This is the Nichols place,—Bill Nichols is my daddy,—and I'm Rhoda, goin' on twelve, the oldest child," the girl interrupted, with something like confusion. Then, seeing that the name had meant nothing to the minister, she went on: "You can start an hour by sun and git to the Ferry before dark,—tain't but a little piece from here after you strike the trace,—and the path goes right spang to the trace; so don't you worry."

SHE had established the visitor in a big hide-bottomed chair and stirred open the smouldering fire. Now she threw small green hickory logs on it, swept up the hearth with a turkey-wing, then drew forward her own seat, a low block sawed from tree-trunk, sat down, folded her hands primly, then unfolded them, leaned toward the minister and asked: "Say—do you know how to make dolls? Mammy says preachers know nigh about everything."

"They ought to—but some of us are shockingly ignorant," Apsley returned. "What sort of dolls do you mean? I think I've helped my wife stuff a rag one or two."

"That sort. I never had none at all—not even a corn-silk baby. Mammy says it's sech a waste to pull 'em. She says too I had a doll, when I was the baby—a red ear o' corn, with her apron wrapped round it. Now she can't see why I want a dolly baby, when she's always got a real cryin' baby for me to nurse and tend. But I do want it. I had just started to make it when you knocked. See there!" Rhoda said, holding a breadth of copperas homespun, somewhat faded, but sound and strong. "I ripped that out o' the frock granny gimme, year before last. I've all growed outen it, and mammy's savin' it for Lady, when she grows up to it. But she shan't have it. Mammy is the savin'est woman. She was, even before she got the cyarpets-fever. Now, she even grudges pieces for patches; says they'd go so nice in a quilt—and the holes last mighty nigh as long. Daddy says when she starts weavin' the cyarpets—if she ever does—he'll sleep in his clothes, else he knows she'll cut 'em for cyarpets rags. I don't want no cyarpets—the floor's plenty good."

"It seems so to me—but then I'm no judge," Brother Apsley said, looking down.

The puncheons had been adzed smooth and even, their edges neatly squared and driven so well together that there were no cracks bigger than a quarter of an inch.

Rhoda, following his glance with her own, nodded, saying:

"Mammy never let daddy rest till he done it—she wants him to hew down the logs inside here too, so she can whitewash 'em, but he'll hardly ever do it. You see daddy don't want to farm—nor ter stay here, now the settlement's gittin' so full o' folks. He's all for huntin' and fightin'—we have more skins, and bear meat, and venison, and wild honey, 'n you can shake a stick at. But that don't satisfy mammy—she wants to be like folks. And she says daddy don't know what's best. If he can read and write, and she can't, that's jest because he growed up back in the old settlements."

All the while she talked Rhoda had been fingering her cloth. There was a huddle of seed cotton, and yet more cloth, within a clean tow apron on the floor beside her, also a pair of worn shears, almost guiltless of edge.

Brother Apsley reached for the breadth, stretched it to full dimensions, eyed it critically, then gave it back with a sigh and a head-shake, saying:

"I'm afraid we'll have to let it go. My wife cuts out her dolls by a pattern the same as she does my coats. You have no pattern? I thought not. Suppose we make a bargain; you wait, and save your cloth for doll dresses. The next time I come round the circuit I'll bring you a doll. Tell me, would you like it big or little?"

"You won't ever come here again," Rhoda said, looking away.

Apsley smiled at her, asking: "Why not?"

A SHAKE of the head was her only answer. "Let 'em stay away, and I'll be peaceable," daddy had said. "But if you fetch 'em in here, I'll throw 'em out."

Rhoda had not forgotten, but she had known it was safe to ask the preacher in. Daddy would not be home until long after

Apsley knelt down opposite her, and with the charred stick for pencil drew a doll's head and body according to his best remembrance.

"You have to sew on arms and legs after you make and stuff them," he explained to Rhoda. "But they are not hard—you can cut them right straight."

"No; that must be feet—I don't keer about hands," Rhoda protested.

"All right. Here goes. But feet take a great deal of cloth," the minister assented, again flourishing the fire-stick.

He was near to laughing because Rhoda was so appealing, the doll of his patterning so grotesque. But when Rhoda had cut it out and begun sewing on it his interest became almost painful.

He agreed readily to her suggestion that he help himself to potatoes from the heap roasting in the ashes, also to dried venison, and corn bread from the cupboard.

"You see, if I stop and make company of you, I can't finish my dolly," she explained. "And unless I do finish now, it won't never get done."

She sewed cleverly, taking bites between stitches.

"Oh, yes—I can spin and weave, and knit, and bottom chairs too," she said in answer to Apsley's questionings.

After a little she startled him by asking: "Do you ever sing and pray for just one little gal? 'Cause if you do—I'd like to hear you. Mammy knows a hymn, but she can't sing."

The preacher choked. When he could speak steadily he said: "I will sing all you like, and pray before I leave you. Understand, little lady, nobody is small or poor, or insignificant in God's eyes. Your prayers, and mine, go as straight to him as those of the king or the president."

"But—he'd listen quicker to Gen'l Jackson. Daddy says the Gen'l is bigger'n all the world," Rhoda commented wistfully.

Brother Apsley gave her a radiant smile, saying, "No, General Jackson is no more than we are—in the sight of God, who knows all things."

Rhoda stared, but went on sewing. Brother Apsley sang and sang. He had a strong, clear voice and put all his heart into the hymns. Now it was "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," now "Coronation," now revival and camp-meeting chants full of trumpet chords. Rhoda chimed tremulously, uncertainly, into one of the chants, saying softly at the close of it:

"That's the one mammy knows. I wonder, if she heard you sing it, would she ever try it again?"

"Yes—if her soul sings it, or her heart," Apsley said. Then he took out his Testament, read a verse or two, and began to preach. It was the simplest sermon—the story of Bethlehem told for an untutored child. But in all his ministry he had never felt more

clearly the power of God. His eyes shone, his voice though low had a thrill to it.

Rhoda rewarded him with rapt attention; towards the last she even halted in her work. But when he had prayed briefly she pulled herself together, saying as she wiped her eyes:

"I didn't know before you could feel so good you had to cry." Then again she set her fingers flying. The day was wearing late—in an hour at the outside mammy would be home.

"Would you mind feedin' the chickens? I most forgot 'em—and it's time them little fellows went to sleep," she said.

BROTHER APSLEY obediently took the bunch of ash cake, went outside, crumbled it into the coop, then saddled his horse, which had been fed in the ramshackle stable, and led him around to the front door.

As he stepped inside Rhoda gave a triumphant cry, "Look!" and held toward him her doll, not only finished but fully clothed. One copperas skirt, something scant to be sure, fell quite over the splay feet; another, gathered very full about the squat neck, came well below the waist, and was girdled with a treble strand of narrow-knitted red yarn.

Dolly's clothes exactly matched her complexion, being in fact off the same piece. Rhoda touched them proudly.

"She's got on my pantalettes—they come with the dress. All I had to do was to gather 'em round the top and cut arm-holes. I'll make some sleeves for her if ever I can find a scrap,—'twould be too bad to cut into the other width,—and it took sech a sight o' stuff to make her, thar ain't much left."

"I don't think she minds," Brother Apsley said.

Rhoda did not answer—she was blissfully cradling the doll in her arms, hushing it against her breast. After a little she whispered very softly: "I love her 'cause she's mine." Then louder, as she caught sight of the saddled horse, "Sing one more time—please—before you go."

The clouds had broken, the March world was full of windy sunshine and bursting buds. All the fresh spring fragrances came in through the open door, to mingle with the pleasant smoky reek of the hickory logs, now burned all but to coals.

Brother Apsley advanced to the hearth, and held his fingers to the fire, then bent his head and lifted his voice in the strain: "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

He wanted to leave a benediction with the house, and especially with the child. He would tell his wife about her, and of how he had played providence in the doll-making. They themselves were very poor, but he had full faith that somehow Milly would make shift to send his doll god-daughter a new frock, or maybe even to Rhoda a more seemly doll. How Milly would laugh at this doll if she saw it—every part of it was too big or too little for every other part. But she would also understand, even better than he did, why Rhoda looked at it with seraphic eyes.

Thus his heart and memory undervoice his singing. At the end, he looked up, strangely and suddenly conscious of another presence.

A man, tall, lean, forbidding, clothed through in buckskin, stood in the doorway, leaning negligently upon a long rifle.

Hospitality was the land's law and rule—in any other house Apsley knew he would have been instantly welcomed and bidden to stay, by the returning master. He made to speak, but before he got out a word Rhoda had flung herself upon the tall man, still clutching the doll with one hand, with the other holding fast to the newcomer's arm, saying the while:

"Daddy! You won't hurt him! You mustn't—if he is a preacher. He got lost—and found hisself here—and I made him stay to help me with my doll."

"Hurt him!" the tall man said, very low, dashing the back of his hand across his eyes. "Why, honey, I'd sooner fight fer him. We won't let him go away—not tonight anyhow. He sung to you and help you—that's enough. This house is goin' to be home for him, as long as it's home to me."



Rhoda stared, but went on sewing. Brother Apsley sang and sang

dark—the house-raising was sure to wind up with a shooting match, and he would stay to beat everybody.

She looked straight at Brother Apsley, saying appealingly:

"Don't you reckon, if I made you a real good fire-stick, you could mark me out a doll like granny does when she marks out daddy's coats? She comes to help mammy, you know, every time he has a new one."

"Maybe. But what's a fire-stick?" Apsley asked, laughing.

Rhoda searched in the chip-basket for a stout splinter, set the end of it well afire, then extinguished it in the ashes. As she held it up, still smoking but charred black, she asked gleefully: "Whar did you git your raisin'? I thought everybody knowed about fire-sticks."

"I didn't, yousee. I've learned something," the preacher answered.

Rhoda was on her knees, stretching the copperas breadth on the smoothest spot in the floor.

"Now you mark! I'll hold," she said over her shoulder.



A man, tall, lean, forbidding, clothed through in buckskin, stood in the doorway, leaning negligently upon a long rifle

MEA HAY was the son of an English trader who had paid five thousand rix-dollars to the government for the right to fish for chanks off the northwest coast of Ceylon. His mother was a native girl, who died young; and then Mea's grandfather, an experienced diver, took up the boy's education in his eleventh year and made of him an experienced diver too.

At the outset Mea wavered, not in courage, but in a certain temperate confidence in himself and in Providence. He could not sink a fathom before he found his will impotent to stay him from returning to the surface like a giddy bubble. Then he would grow desperate, rather than resolute, and lever himself down to inexpedient depths, with soles and palms struggling for purchase, as against a yielding bolster. And straight the water-pressure would take him by the temples and his pulses clack in his ears like millhoppers; and so he must rise once more, the bursting pain in his head less than that in his heart.

"Mea Hay," would say the sleek brown divers, waiting on the boat edge their turn to descend, "thou must wait for the ear-burst to make thee at home among the ground-sharks. Then, someday, maybe thou shalt find a chank that opens to the right."

But Mea never found a chank—that is, a cowry shell—that opened to the right. Such shells had been known to sell in the markets of Hindustan for ten thousand rupees, and Mea seemed to be not one of Fortune's favorites. Yet, if he lacked self-confidence, he had persistency, and presently wrung triumph out of despair. For one morning when he had succeeded in penetrating to depths he had never reached hitherto, and fear of the darkness of the under-waters was growing upon him, all in a moment his skull seemed to fly open to a clangling detonation, and the cold salt water to enter and wash in its chambers. Half stupid, he fled to the surface, and lo! he was weeping tears of blood. But the insufferable head pains were gone—they were gone forever.

So, by and by, he went chank-fishing with the others, gathering from the sea bottom the red shell that is called "payel" and the white that is "patty"; but the chank that opens to the right was always the rare prize of some more fortunate diver. None was more skillful; for, when he was passing eighteen—and that is middle age to these fishermen—he was the very expert of his profession. Then it was a pleasure to see him poised, shapely and limber, upon the thwarts of the chank-boat, his right hand grasping the guy, his left the net for collecting and the nine-inch shark-stick, which is double pointed for gagging of the enemy when he opens his sickle mouth to bite.

It was a pleasure to see him flash erect, as the head of the man he was to relieve bobbed to the surface, and a rower bent to haul up by its cord the cone of red granite that was to serve him for sink-weight. The instant the stone clapped against the side Mea seized the cord just above it with the toes of his right foot, transferred his stick and net to those of his left that he might have fingers free with which to close his nostrils, and swung off and down as lithe and graceful as a merman. But the boy felt no pleasure in his task. On his face was ever the gloomy expression of one who believes himself unlucky.

This was Mea's infirmity; he grew to careess the thought of his being foredoomed to failure. Yet he steadily strove to excel for the sake of excellence, and force of will made him preëminent in the endurance that was necessary to existence for two minutes in seven fathoms of water.

"And what does it avail," he thought, "that I stay longer and gather more than any other man, when in all my harvest is never a prize?" Yet this is the tale of how in the end the prize was awarded him, and with compound interest.

Long before this, however, Mea, ceasing to dive for the sacred shell, went south to Condatchy and became a pearl-diver.

Here was harder work, but never a change, it seemed, in his luck. Mea, given his choice of payment either in money or in his due proportion of unopened shells, characteristically chose the latter speculation. Then, it was his common experience to hear the shouts of exultation that announced a "find" by some fellow toiler, while his own oyster pit was yielding him little but seed pearls of small value.

THREE came to Condatchy an English trader, who seemed the spoilt child of chance. This man had realized and dissipated a dozen fortunes; and now he was confidently seeking a thirteenth. It was in a year of

From Under an Island

By BERNARD CAPES



Mea looked up. An evil thing had come between him and the light—a flat, beak-mouthed horror that hung poised in the upper water, slowly pulsating

rabid joint-stock companies that some promoter, hunting through an encyclopedia for a sufficiently plausible pretext had lit on a description of the pearl-yielding waters of the gulf of Panama. Straightway a company and ships were floated; and Mea's Englishman went east to examine into the methods of the Singhalese fisheries and, if possible, to procure competent divers with whom to start independent operations across the world.

To the stranger, with his breezy self-confidence and flippant trust in destiny, the youthful fatalist fell an easy victim; and so it came to pass that Mea carried his skill and his unsatisfied heart to the haunted waters of the Pacora, which enters the great gulf of pearls.

THE expedition was all a failure. The richness of the grounds availed nothing in face of their physical disadvantages. The waters were bedeviled with monsters; the shells adhered to the rocks by an almost unbreakable byssus. Divers, local and imported, gave up the fruitless strife; the ship was getting ready to sail away; Mea felt himself to have drunk to the dregs his cup of bitterness.

Then, one tropic day, he launched a canoe and paddled far out into the bay. For hours he worked unremittingly, caring little what fate should befall him. Desperation was in his heart, and in his brain—the madness of the toiler without a hope.

"I will take my own fortune in hand," he raved, "and perish, if need be, defying the curse. I will serve no man longer, but myself only and always myself."

He rested on his paddle, and drooped down exhausted, gazing over the side of his craft, which swung in the midst of a great luminous haze of waters. The coast he had left had become like a smear; his prow curtsied to a throng of little islands, iridescent with green and violet, that stood against the southern horizon. The roaring of the furnace of the sun seemed audible to him; the glare

of it struck blindingly on his eyes, so that he was unaware of his proximity to a boat that was anchored in his path.

Mea bathed his fevered vision, as it were, in the cool depths. Right underneath him the ocean bed shoaled up to within four fathoms of the surface. Why should he not descend, explore, and rise again refreshed? He had brought with him a sink-weight and a long coil of rope. The thought was life. He hitched the cord-end to the stretcher of the canoe, made all fast, raised the stone in his hands and dived head foremost overboard.

Arrived at the bottom, he twisted upright, clutching the cord with his toes for anchorage, and found himself on a wide ledge of sand running eastward, it seemed into a monstrous unaccountable gloom that perplexed and invited him. He propelled himself forward, hopping with the stone at his feet. In a moment he came upon weed, a submerged island of it, that lay in a vast bowl of the ocean-bed, sluggishly swinging to the motion of the tide. The compact mass rose above his head to within six or seven feet of the water-level and extended twice as many yards to either hand. He touched the green wall—a million bubbles shot from it and went seething up to the surface.

"Something of this sort I have seen before," thought Mea and resolved to investigate further; but for the moment he must reascend. He was in the very act of detaching his feet from the cord, when a shadow fell upon him from above. Mea looked up. An evil thing had come between him and the light—a flat, beak-mouthed horror that hung poised in the upper water, slowly pulsating and wide.

Mea's heart gave a somersault. He had heard of the manta of western seas—the monstrous skate that wraps the coral fisher in its enormous fins and bears the poor choking wretch away.

A diver measures life by seconds. He must act on the tick of sudden peril or he is lost. In a flash Mea saw himself hemmed in and defenseless. He had not even his shark-stick

with him. In one and the same instant he flung himself against the wall of weed and kicked violently at the sand underfoot. The latter rose in a thick cloud; from the weed-mass a scurry of bubbles burst forth; and upwards obliquely through the temporary obscurity the young man fled to the surface. There, something loomed upon him, and, gasping, shaken and half-blinded, he was seized from the water, dragged over the thwarts of a boat and tumbled almost insensible upon a heap of cordage.

When Mea came to his wits, it was to find himself reclining in the stern of a little lateen-sailed felucca, at present anchored off the submerged bank of weed that had so nearly proved fatal to him. A couple of Valiente Indians, their naked bodies glinting like sleek chestnuts in the sun, squatted motionless in the fore part of the boat; and over against him, nursing the underside of a short black beard, a hard-faced man sat with a reflective watchfulness in his frowning eyes.

"It is good," said this latter personage in English. "Listen to me. We marked and we approved. It was clever so to outwit the manta. But what would it have availed had we not been by?"

"Nothing," said Mea.

"That is true," said the stranger; "and you can speak my tongue, which is the tongue of truth. Now, tell me whence you come, and why I find you here, diving on your own account for the treasure?"

"I dived for no treasure, sahib. Such is not for me. I came here to lose myself, and I plunged to find myself. I speak true things, and my life is at the disposition of the sahib, who has given it to me."

The Englishman brought all intentness to focus on the face of the Singhalese—presumably to his own satisfaction, for his features relaxed suddenly.

"You talk like an Asian mystery," said he. "Have you heard no tales, then, of Dyke sahib and his chest of pearls?"

"Never, sahib."

"Or of the reward of a thousand doubloons offered for the recovery of a founded treasure?"

"Never, sahib."

"Indian," said the stranger, "you are not of this coast but from a far country?"

"Sahib, I came in a great ship, with one whose promises were like the thunder of a rock that rolls down a hillside."

"How so?" said the stranger. "Didn't he make them good?"

"No more than he found the visionary gems with which this ocean is paved."

The Englishman laughed out.

"I have heard," he said, "I have heard and I have seen. They of the great ship shall pay in barnacles their only dividend. Yet there are more treasures in the sea of pearls than ever came out of it, and more ways than one of procuring them. Now tell me your story, Indian."

And so Mea related his life and misfortunes.

"Good," said the Englishman; "now, dive; can you dive?"

"I am a good diver."

"Bring up, then, the chest I have lost."

"Yours, sahib?"

"It is so. I am Dyke sahib, and the chest was mine."

"More than others do I can do; more than others endure can I. Yet I am but mortal. The sahib must instruct his servant."

"You talk with a confident tongue, my man. But have failed in the task—Metis, Mandingoos of St. Blas, white shell-fishers and tawny men from round all the gulf between Solano Point and Mala Point, negroes from my own little island yonder in the archipelago of pearls"; he waved his hand southwards towards those undefined forms that swam in the liquid haze; "they all have failed, as you will fail—they all dived for the reward offered."

Mea bowed his head. "The sahib knows. I am no more than mortal. But I am a good diver, and I will dive for gratitude. Thou didst save my life."

"Listen, then; I had a great treasure of pearls and rare sprays of coral that I had gathered from the seas, many years of shrewd working and trading. I stored it all in a coffer bound with iron clamps; and last year I took boat with it for Panama, where I was to do trade with a man from Chepo. We reached no farther than this bank. Here a squall capsized us, and the chest that held my fortune has never been recovered. Doubtless it sunk deep into this vast underwood of sea-growth that no diver can penetrate. Yet I still drag foolishly over in a hopeless search. Will you dive, Mea Hay?"

Mea rose to his feet. "I will. The manta!" said he.

THE Englishman pointed forward. Above the bows of the boat the slender shaft of a harpoon rose and sank with the dance of water. An Indian held the cord of it; its barb was buried deep in the flesh of a great dusky body that rocked alongside. While the diver was recovering himself, the monster had been struck and killed.

"It is well," said Mea. "This weed-heap—it may not be entered, save by the fish that swim. That is true; and the divers were only men—yet not Singhalese at all. But, what would the sahib think were I to promise to lift and look under the heap?"

"I should think the manta had driven you crazy," said Dyke, smiling.

Mea showed his teeth pleasantly.

"It is well," he said again. "I am ready."

"A thousand doubloons—let it be a thousand doubloons!" said the other; and he laughed cynically.

"I dive for gratitude," said Mea. "Give me only an axe." And they gave him one, and he poised it in both hands above his head, and dived head foremost.

Then Dyke sat, nursing his beard and

with the smile fixed on his face; and he saw bubbles rise to the surface, myriads of them, that boiled unceasing about the boat, so that she seemed to tremble in their onset. And when two minutes were passed, Mea's head shot above the level, and the used air roared from his lungs, and he rested with one hand upon the thwarts, taking breath before he dived again. And he looked at the Englishman and the Englishman at him but with a smile, but neither spoke.

Then a second time Mea vanished, and the bubbles came with a sound of rain on water—and a third and a fourth.

But, at the fifth plunge and while the Singhalese was yet below, of a sudden a great green bulk came palpitating from the depths, and it coiled and rolled upon the waves, as a Leviathan freeing itself from the snare of ages. And this time, when Mea rose to breathe, he saw no smile on the face of the Englishman, but rather a look of profound wonder and eagerness.

Now he dived a sixth time, and yet again and again, and each time the risen folds of green widened, undulating, till an island of weed floated upon the waters. But at his tenth ascent Mea flung his axe into the boat and called panting for a rope. Hurriedly they

gave him the bight of a long cord, and, holding it in his hand, he sank, and presently, after an interval, reappeared.

Then said he: "Haul me in, and lay me that I may rest and be restored; and while I lie gather ye your fruit from the deeps."

So they did as he bade them; and they strained at the cord with a single will, and foot by foot they brought to the surface the fruit of Mea's skill and endurance; and it was the chest of pearls—the great treasure that had been thought irrecoverable.

Then by his beard the Englishman swore that the Singhalese should have his one thousand doubloons and, for interest, one hundred more, and that he was the greatest diver the world had ever seen. And when Mea would insist that he had dived for gratitude only the big Englishman looked very strangely at him and said solemnly:

"It was indeed so, my man. And God has so made this world that the great prizes often come to them who strive unselfishly," which Mea did not precisely understand. But he took the doubloons because the sahib would not have it otherwise.

"Thus," he would say, "I had the inspiration to apply my own knowledge to my own uses. When I touched bubbles from the

green wall, I thought: 'Here is one of those weed islands, that rise or sink according as the temperature of the season expands or unexpands them. Why does it not float, when it is buoyant with much imprisoned air?' Then I looked and saw the explanation. For, once in its descent during the season of rains, the island's guy-ropes, as it were, had found and attached themselves to jagged rocks at whose ledges the clawing roots could grapple, and so the mass had anchored itself by a myriad of strands. Yet, it needed only to cut these, or the greater number of them, to see it spring aloft like a diver whose weight-stone drops from his cord. This, then, I set myself to do; and, as I used the axe fathom by fathom, the island broke away and upwards. Now, not so far had I penetrated but that my task was scarcely begun when my steel clanked on iron; and there before me in a little pit of rock was the sahib's chest. It had sunk through all the great matress of weed, slowly, perhaps, foundering.

"And," Mea would conclude, "I thought then only of the joy that I would give to the sahib who had saved me from the manta. And a strange word he spoke about that—a mystery. I understand it not even yet—but the doubloons are good to feel and to weigh."

His position was unrelaxed, watchful, tentative. "Father," she whispered. "I have to tell you something."

He rose instantly and came in. "I have to tell you," she said again. And she told about taking the strange gun out, and about Mr. Orcutt's seeing it, and what he said. "He will go and tell the owner. He was still madder when he saw the gun."

Her father was very thoughtful. At last he said, "Where is it now?"

"At the far end of the cow-shed. I laid it down when I was coming home and you were all out there, and then I didn't have a chance to get it."

"You shouldn't have taken it, daughter—that gun especially."

"I know it," said Janet penitently.

"You do now." But she was to be left alone here tonight. And she was a little girl. So he added, "But perhaps it's just as well. Don't think any more about it. Next time ask me." He patted her and kissed her and told her to go back to bed. "And I'll go and get the gun."

"Anyway," said Janet, cheering up and wishing to balance her score, "I found Pronto and brought those men here."

"Don't comfort your conscience so easily, Janet." But he went off to get the gun.

Janet must have slept, though she did not intend or expect to do so. Then she awoke suddenly and sprang to the window. The men were all standing, looking. And over beyond them was a dark body on the gleaming prairie. She knew it was the men from Lawrence. They came quietly. They had taken a detour to avoid Barman's place, and they moved as softly as could be. A dozen horsemen or more showed as they came nearer. Two of them had lead-horses for the strangers. Among them the slender lines of guns appeared.

Janet knelt still at the window, her eyes on those figures that moved and moved and waited. No one saw her. Once when her father was near the house she heard Larry Hosmer say, "Who's with Mrs. Glasgow?"

And her father in a troubled, suppressed way said, "Mrs. Glasgow is with a sick neighbor. The children will be alone."

Hosmer gave a little exclamation, and then they moved farther away and she heard no more from them.

At last they were ready to go. Mr. Glasgow came to the window and started at finding Janet's face just before him, almost against his. "Are you awake?" he said regretfully. "I expect we'll be back before morning."

Janet knew well that he wanted to catch her and kiss her hard, as she wanted to hold him tightly before he went. But she restrained herself as he did. Nobody must show too much excitement tonight.

THE men moved away in the dark, orderly, quiet. Only a very sharp and alert listener at Barman's could have heard them.

She settled down snugly. Then she sank her head in the pillow and told herself to go to sleep.

But telling was nothing. All at once she was pricking with wakefulness in every part. She and Aleck were alone. And the dark and the silence and the loneliness were not sweet things, as they sometimes were, meant for sleeping; they were dreadful. Only a sound

The Gathering Storm

By MARGARET LYNN

Illustrated by GAYLE HOSKINS

fact—but artists and musicians haven't found us yet."

Sage chuckled. He was finishing a border of guns and swords around Janet's picture. "I found my first Kansas subjects today. I drew the heads of some of the thieves we fell among, after we had passed on. I've a pretty quick eye for faces, and I eased my feelings as we inched along the road by putting them down. Of course I exaggerated, to get even with them. Perhaps you know some of them."

He handed over his sketch-book and Mr. Glasgow and Mr. Gard examined it in the twilight. He had quick impressions of the men, swiftly and surely drawn. "That's Wright—that's one of the Burgesses—" They identified several, while they laughed at the caricatures.

"This one," said Sage, pointing them out, "was leading off my riding-horse. And this squat brother seemed to have charge of the wagon and to be sustaining his claims against the others."

BUT it was growing dusk, and the neighbor arrived in his wagon for Mrs. Glasgow. Amid all this talk there had not

Mrs. Glasgow's voice trembled. "But that poor woman! And the baby's life depends on hers. And I promised."

"I have to go with the men now that this is started. I'm the one that knows that country now." Glasgow was also troubled. "But nothing can happen. We may not be gone more than a few hours."

"See that they go to bed soon," his wife answered very quietly. "Don't waken them when you go. That will be best for them."

She went away without a special good-by to the children.

Janet did want to sit up tonight to hear and see all. But soon after dark, a dark that was long in coming on this midsummer hilltop, her father told her and Aleck to go to bed. She hated to be sent to bed like a child especially after the way she had appeared today. But she also hated to beg for extra time, like a child. Her father understood her unwilling silence, and he said, "We're all going to get a couple of hours' sleep before Roberts and Stivers come back. So you can regularly go to bed while we take our rest out here."

The young men bade her a formal good-



The pale light on Larry's face made him look even more ghastly

been time to say anything about her day.

"Are you going back?" cried Mr. Glasgow, going inside to speak to her.

"I promised to stay the night. She is the least bit better, but so little. She is a very sick woman, and the baby not much better. The man is so nervous and anxious that he hardly knows what he is doing and is not much use. I can't do anything else. The children will just have to be left tonight." She was pale though, and plainly very much troubled.

"Nothing will happen to them." Her husband tried to speak cheerfully.

"It's hard being a Samaritan tonight."

night, a very grown-up good night, as if they were too tired or too serious for longer fooling, and she led Aleck away. For Aleck the chief event of day or evening had been the return of Pronto, and he went to bed now talking dreamily of tomorrow and the pony. He was asleep in a moment.

But Janet did not sleep. She could not even think drowsily.

She slipped from her bed and knelt at the window. The starlight was very clear, as it was in this country, and she could see the waiting men lying there. She thought none of them was asleep.

She knew that her father was not asleep.

would be still more dreadful. She covered her ears lest she should hear one; then she uncovered them lest there should be a sound, a warning sound, and she could not hear it.

She shook and jerked at herself. Rarely in all her life thus far had she had the weary and fretting trouble of lying awake. She must go to sleep.

Almost she did sleep. Aleck's regular breathing helped, and Collie's deadness to solitude. Things in her mind were growing dim and incoherent. She ceased to listen consciously. Anxiety grew duller and retreated a little. Awareness of the dark and the loneliness and of the menace they held was beginning to slip softly away.

Suddenly it returned. With a start she brought it all back. There was a sound. Then a step—two, three.

Janet sat stiff, her cold hands holding each other tight.

Then the lax Collie—Collie, who assumed that all the world was friendly—rose and barked a salutation at the window. That gave Janet release for action. She sprang from bed and put her head beside Collie's at the half-open window. She could see a movement outside and a large vague shape. "I'm going to shoot my revolver," she said, speaking very loud.

"Well, don't shoot me, Janet honey," said Larry Hosmer, coming to the window. He had been standing a few feet away, his arms extended to shake a blanket into folds. "Collie, you're a great watch-dog, you are! I came back, Janet, because I thought it was bad for you to be alone. But I'm not sure you with your gun need any protection. You weren't a bit afraid."

"Oh, yes, I was!" Janet almost cried. "I was such a coward!"

"Nonsense, dear! I thought, What if Amy was left alone, and I came back. You can go to sleep. I'm going to bed here." He finished arranging his blankets.

But at first Janet could not sleep. She was in an aching of relaxation and relief; her hands and feet were cold, and her nerves seemed all shaking. Gradually warmth and quiet came, however. Every minute she remembered that Larry was lying outside. It was kind of him. It did occur to her that he had made a sacrifice in giving up the expedition with the older men. But she finally let all such thinking go and made her way into a cosy sleep.

SHE seemed to wake into the very midst of noise and action. There were loud voices and sounds of struggle. Then a blow and a fall and another angry exclamation and running steps. Janet sprang up. It was not daylight yet, but the gray was beginning, and she could see a little from the window. Larry Hosmer was on the ground, as if he had fallen there and lay broken. She tremulously unlocked the door and ran out. No one else was in sight, and Larry was white and unconscious, his head showing where a blow had fallen, and blood staining his face. She spoke to him, called to him, shook him a little, but he did not know.

The pale light on his face made him look even more ghastly. She could hardly bear it and whimpered a little as she bent over him. If her mother were here now—or anybody to know what to do. She called to Aleck in desperation, and he came patterning out, and the two children knelt beside their friend. "Is he dead?" asked Aleck in awe.

"Oh, no!" cried Janet. "Oh, no!" But what could be done? "I remember what they did to the lady that fainted in church," she said, springing up. She might well remember, because she had managed to make her way to the inside of the circle about the unconscious woman and watched the performance avidly. She ran for water to bathe the face and apply to the head. She spread a blanket over him, and with great difficulty she and Aleck got a blanket under him. She started a fire in the stove and put water on to heat. And she and Aleck, both still in their night-clothes, Janet's stained with blood from Larry's cut, were pathetically rubbing the boy's hands when the first of the horsemen appeared. The sky was growing faintly pink, and the figures of the men looked black and big against it as they seemed to stand still on the horizon for a minute. They came rapidly nearer, her father first of all, and Janet forgot her bare feet and her stained nightdress and ran to him.

"Janet, child!" cried her father.

Then Tredwell, who had come behind the others, in a wagon, jumped out quickly and came forward. "I'm not a doctor," he said, "but I've been a medical student. Perhaps I know a little." They willingly made way

for him, and he looked under the cold, soft cloth Janet had put on the forehead, and began to touch the place gently. Almost at the same moment Larry's eyelids flickered and lifted for an instant. A breath went over all who were watching.

"Go and dress, dear," said Janet's father gently. And Janet, for the first time aware of her appearance, went into the house.

back and said "Come on," and they all rode along to the house where Tredwell and Sage had eaten the day before. It stood on the road.

"Jacobs, come out!" Glasgow shouted. His voice could be immense on occasion, and it seemed to go round and round and through the house. A man put his head to the open window of the loft long enough to see the mounted group outside and immediately

"Now," they said, "lead us to that wagon. We're willing to go all the way to Olathe if necessary." They pointed their guns at him.

Jacobs's nerve had gone, and he led them, at the end of his rope.

"It was a picture, Janet. Can you see it?"

Watching sharply for an ambush, they followed him to the inclosure belonging to the house across the road, cautious as they passed sheds or trees. Around behind the scanty low buildings, out of sight from the road, was the wagon, still fairly well filled, the tent still with it.

"Now the horses," said Glasgow in a business-like way.

"Look for them," said Jacobs with a curse.

"He didn't seem to want to be helpful," said Sage, "and you can't shoot a man just for reticence. At least we didn't want to. It wouldn't have assisted our pursuit of information."

So they tied him to the fence and besieged this house also. There was no answer to shouts and threats or even to shots. So there was nothing for it but to rush the house. "I don't suppose, Janet, you know what it feels like to break into a dark unknown house, even a little one, and make your way through its possible traps and ambushes." Some of the men knew what to do and where to search, and they unearthed two men and dragged them out. One of them had talked to Sage and Tredwell at dinner the day before, and he grinned at Sage when they came face to face. Stivers and Tredwell in the meantime had searched the dark sheds and found the team and harness. But the fine saddle-horses were still to trace.

So they began their questioning again, demanding the horses.

At last Stivers would stand it no longer. He held a gun in the face of one of them, and Seth Roberts did the same with the other. "Tell us what you know!" they said shortly. Then the men said, with apparent accuracy, that one horse had gone back to Missouri, and the other was at a house a quarter of a mile away. There had evidently been too much disagreement about the spoils to allow a final division yet. So, leaving three men with the team and wagon and tying up one and compelling the other to act as guide, the others set off. Sure enough, they did find the horse in a shed and recovered it.

IN the meantime, the men left with the wagon had hitched the team to it and driven it out into the road to wait for the party to come back. Suddenly firing began, from the house behind them and from trees across the creek. One man sprang into the wagon and whipped up the team, and the other two took their horses and dashed up the road some way, out into the open. There they halted, ready to fire on anyone who followed far enough to show himself. But no one did. The pro-slavery men were busy, probably, releasing Jacobs and the other man who had been left in the yard. So the men with the wagon only waited.

The rest of the party, starting back with the recovered horse, heard the shots and came racing back. As they came on, from Jacobs's house and the one opposite men rushed out—those they had already seen and four or five others—to form a line across the road. They were all armed.

"We rode straight at them, Janet, as hard as we could, every man firing. We went over and through them. . . . And that's all of the battle, Janetta," he ended abruptly. "We overtook the wagon and came on here."

Sage seemed to have no wish to say more. The eagerness and analysis with which he began the narrative had vanished.

"Wasn't anybody hurt?"

"As we looked back down the road, several seemed to be."

"But our men?"

"We had the advantage of them because we were riding fast and they were standing still. But Marsden has a bullet through his upper arm, and one man has a bad shoulder. And another has a damaged knee from a clubbed musket that just took him as we passed. He'll walk lame for a while."

"It might have been more exciting in the end," said Janet, with a sense of incomplete drama.

"You bloodthirsty little—one! If you had been riding down, in the dark, a row of men who were trying to kill you, and looked back and saw them lying in the road afterward, you'd have had one exciting moment anyway."

He got up from the grass and walked off aimlessly. And it was not until days afterward that Janet knew what was transferred from wagon to wagon in the early morning,



"We rode straight at them, Janet, as hard as we could, every man firing"

WHEN Janet came back, after her hasty dressing, she heard one rough man say, "That chap'd have had an easier time if he'd a' hung on with us."

"He wasn't looking for an easy time," said Mr. Glasgow angrily. "He did the hardest thing and came back here alone."

The other men also looked indignant, and the rough man said he "didn't mean anything," and soon rode away with a hearty hope that "the boy" would recover.

At last Sage sprang from the tent where Tredwell was with Larry and threw his arm up. "Hurroo!" he cried softly. Hosmer was fully conscious. "Weak and knocked-out, but all there!"

Janet carefully put on the ground the cups she was carrying and ran to her father to put her arms round him and cry against him. "There, there, there," he kept saying while he petted her. But he couldn't say anything more. If Larry had been killed after coming back last night—what could they have done? How could they ever have endured it?

Everybody relaxed and grew more normal. It was in this hour of quiet, before the heat and action of the day came on, that Sage told Janet the story of the night.

They had gone across the country in the dark, Glasgow leading them, Seth Roberts riding beside him, the most eager of them all. By lighted matches the men studied his drawings and with laughs identified the most of his subjects. "The Hickory Point gang, plain enough," they said. They stopped at last, on a road which Sage seemed to recognize, marked by a stream and some bordering woods and a handful of cheap little houses. Glasgow and Roberts dismounted and went forward quietly. Then they came

dodged back. Instantly Stivers and Taney and another man ran to the back door.

"Jacobs, come out!" called Glasgow again.

"You can't think how it sounded, Janet—like an awful summons," said Sage.

Still no one answered. Then at last a woman came to open the door a crack and said tremulously, "What do you want?"

"We want to talk to Jacobs about that stealing here yesterday."

"He didn't steal anything. He ain't here." The men began to dismount, and she cried, "No, he ain't! No, he ain't!" pleadingly, and then immediately shut the door.

Two men put their shoulders to it, and it crashed open, and the woman screamed. But just then Stivers and Taney brought Jacobs from the rear, where he had been trying to escape through the back door.

"Now, Jacobs," said Glasgow, "you see these gentlemen who were your guests yesterday at noon. They paid rather too high for their meal. We want their horses and outfit back."

"I ain't got it! I ain't seen it since they left. What d'yuh want to put it onto me for?"

There was more talk, Jacobs still protesting and denying, saying that the outfit had been driven down below Olathe.

"If it has, you'll pay for it," said Roberts.

At last one of the men took a small rope from the horn of his saddle. Jacobs gave a kind of scream when he saw that—dreadful to hear. But they only tied his hands behind him with one end of it. "Don't be scared," said Taney. "We're not going to do what your friends would have done." They recalled how narrowly he had escaped the hemp and the tree. Roberts held the other end of the rope.

while she was at the spring, or learned that one brave man had died in this action which he had gallantly come to help. As the horsemen dashed past on the road two or three of the ruffians turned and fired after them. And one of the bullets had reached the generous, devoted young heart of Harkness Taney. The men had come back this morning far more sadly than she had guessed. And Sage and Tredwell were thinking that too great a price had been paid for recovering their possessions, even though one firm lesson had been administered to Hickory Point.

THE next days passed in a kind of tremulous quiet. A doctor—there sometimes was one to be found, though rarely a good one—came to look at Larry and agreed with Tredwell and Mrs. Glasgow that he must not be moved for a few days longer. Mrs. Glasgow and Janet were watchful every moment for a chance to serve him, and he languidly protested that he was spoiled with attentions. To herself Janet whispered how much he had risked and done for her. And after saying that she would always try to think of something else to do for him, frequently something not quite acceptable to the other nurses. It did seem to Janet too that a little more importance should have accrued to her from all this, since she was the one for whom all this danger had been risked.

Mr. Glasgow watched for an opportunity, when Hosmer was feeling brighter one day, to ask about the man who had attacked him. Larry roused himself as if he had not thought of the man since—as if he had scarcely

realized that his injury had had such a cause.

"I can't quite call him back," he said. "I was sound asleep. I stayed half-awake until it began to get a little light, and then I thought if there was any danger it was over, and I let myself go off completely." He tried to picture what had happened. "I heard a sound and jumped up at once and at him. It might have been one of you coming home—I'd have been at you just the same without stopping to look. So I didn't see him clearly, being so close. We gripped, and he couldn't shoot. He must have hit me with the butt of his revolver."

"Was he a little man—quick and little?"

"No—pretty sizable. I remember how he felt when I got my arms round him."

"Nobody you've seen round here?"

Larry shook his bandaged head. "Nobody I've seen very often. But I didn't have a real look at him."

"Oh, father," put in Janet, who had slipped in behind her father, "Mr. Orcutt wouldn't be so mean as that."

Her father turned upon her. "Don't say everything that comes into your head, Janet," he said sharply. "Has anyone a special grudge at you, Larry? Anyone that would be hunting you out?"

"I don't know. And how would such an enemy know I was here?"

"He went off at once. Well—" Mr. Glasgow looked puzzled again when he went away, leaving Larry to rest again.

The two young men were still about, of course. Tredwell took chief care of Hosmer, and Sage, to show that he was making a serious onslaught on the country, produced

his umbrella and colors and set about a serious reproduction of the views. All their clothes and provisions had been stolen from the wagon; but the robbers had not seen a use for an artist's outfit—probably did not know what it was—and had not appropriated it. It was like a kind of embroidery on these intense moments to see Sage, when no usefulness called him, choose a spot and establish himself and attempt to reproduce the landscape in the quaint faithfulness of the art of the fifties. "The trouble is," he would say, "I have not been trained for green homogeneity."

"The trouble is," said his friend, "you haven't been trained for the elements. You want a landscape garden." But everyone enjoyed a new interest for the days.

Mrs. Glasgow was weary. Her household was complex in these days, and her resources were few. Even in Lawrence one could find little variety in food. There was much to be done, and though everybody sprang to offer a hand whenever it was possible, affairs required much management. And she still went, as often as she could, to see the sick neighbor. The woman was recovering slowly but was very dependent on Mrs. Glasgow.

On the second morning after Larry's injury she and Mr. Glasgow prepared to drive in to Lawrence—prepared in a spirit of evident sadness which they could not conceal. The young men too wore an air of solicitude and melancholy. Janet looked into the mood of all of them and wondered greatly. They were so serious that she could not feel or show her usual annoyance at a mystery, and she went about her dish-washing in a silent alertness. It was Mr.

Gard, coming up to the outside of the house and speaking, who told the story.

"Are you going in to the town or just to the graveyard?" he asked.

Janet flashed to the door. "Who is it? Why don't you tell me?" she demanded.

Her mother took her arm and drew her back into the house. "I wasn't going to tell you yet, dear. There has been so much these last days that I thought it was too much for a little girl all at once. Young Taney was killed the other night, and he is to be buried this morning. Larry does not know it yet. They were getting to be great friends, and Taney went with Larry that night.

"Oh, mother!" sighed Janet tremulously. In all the danger and excitement of the summer this was the first time that actual tragedy had come so close to them, into their very circle almost. Larry Hosmer injured because of his brave care-taking, and eager, impetuous young Taney killed! They had been hoping to see him again, but now he would never come, with his songs and his jokes and his stories and his high-spirited declarations. This was a sadder world than Janet had known about. She stayed away from Larry all the morning, lest her mood might show through and finally tell him the story.

NEXT WEEK

"CRASHING THROUGH"

A NEW story about that unbeatable trio, Les Moore, Jim Byers and Billy Armstrong, in which they tackle basketball at Jordan College—and tackle it hard!

BY JONATHAN BROOKS

The Youth's Companion Announces Its JUNIOR FICTION CONTEST

First Prize \$500.00 Second Prize \$200.00
Third Prize \$100.00



Elsie Singmaster



William Allen White



John Clair Minot

FOR the best original short story in English, written by any boy or girl in the world between fifteen and twenty years of age, inclusive, The Youth's Companion offers a First Prize of \$500.00, and Second and Third Prizes of \$200.00 and \$100.00 respectively.

The contest will open December 30, 1926, and will close April 15, 1927.

Our aim is to find and encourage a group of young writers who will eventually take the places in our pages of those great authors who have made the first hundred years of The Youth's Companion's history so notable from a literary point of view. Among these famous Youth's Companion fiction writers may be mentioned:

Rudyard Kipling
Jack London
Margaret Deland
Hamlin Garland
Edward Everett Hale
Sir Gilbert Parker
Stewart Edward White
Grace S. Richmond
Mayne Reid
Mary Roberts Rinehart
Harriet Beecher Stowe
C. A. Stephens
John T. Trowbridge

Happily, many of the veteran Youth's Companion authors are still living and will continue to contribute from time to time. But they are among the first to urge the need of encouraging younger authors of promise, to whom The Youth's Companion will be as hospitable now as it was to their predecessors, many years ago.

Never before has a magazine of national circulation and prestige offered to young writers prizes of such value, together with such sure opportunity for general recognition, as The Youth's Companion offers now.

Board of Judges

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
Editor, Author

ELSIE SINGMASTER
Novelist, Short-story Writer

JOHN CLAIR MINOT, Secretary
Literary Editor, Boston Herald

These judges will award the prizes immediately after the close of the contest, and their decision will be final. The prize-winning stories will be published in The Youth's Companion; and The Youth's Companion will also buy, at its regular fiction rate, any and all stories, apart from the prize winners, deemed worthy by the editor of publication in its columns.

Conditions

1. Stories must be from 1500 to 4000 words, not shorter or longer.
2. Stories must be typewritten, on one side of the page, and with a space between lines. The most desirable size of paper (which must be white) is about 8½ by 11 inches.
3. Each story must be certified as original by the parent, teacher, college instructor, minister or family physician of the author; and the full name and address of the certifier must be given.
4. No letter shall be enclosed with the

manuscript; but the manuscript must bear the author's full name and address on the upper right-hand corner, and must be signed by the author, in ink, at the foot of the last page.

5. Return postage stamps should accompany each manuscript. If they are not sent, the manuscript will not be returned. Ordinary care will be given to all manuscripts, but their return is not guaranteed. The author should follow usual practice, and retain a carbon copy.

6. Manuscripts bound in decorative binders of any kind, or hand illuminated or illustrated in any way, will be automatically disqualified.

7. All manuscripts are to be mailed, on or before April 15, 1927, to The Secretary, Junior Fiction Contest, The Youth's Companion, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

8. The Youth's Companion will retain all rights to manuscripts which are successful. This applies both to the winners of the three prizes and to all others which are bought by The Youth's Companion. Unsuccessful stories will remain the property of their authors.

A Postscript by the Editor

Well, these are the conditions; and the first condition of all, of course, is that the stories shall be written by boys and girls who have passed their fifteenth but not their twenty-first birthday. If you are going to be twenty-

one years old before April 15th next, mail your story before your birthday!

Unlike so many other juvenile contests, this is not really a contest for amateurs. It is a contest for boys and girls who intend to be professional writers, if they are not professionals already. We hope to receive the work of every young successor to Bret Harte, Rudyard Kipling, Alphonse Daudet and O. Henry.

Knowing the Judges, it is possible to say now what kind of story will win. It is the kind that *always* wins, whether in a big fiction contest or in the permanent respect of lovers of good literature. It will be a clean-cut, simple, straightforward story. There will be plenty of art in it, but it will be the art which conceals and does not obtrude itself.

The leading character in the story will have the reader's sympathy. This character may be a boy, a girl, a man or woman of any age. The reader will not be able to foresee, from the very first paragraph, how the story is going to turn out. But, at the end, the leading character will be a friend of the reader.

Long-windedness will have no place in this contest. All the best short stories are *short*. The limit, here, is four thousand words—but that was room enough for Bret Harte to tell the tale of "Tennessee's Partner," and for Ellis Parker Butler to write "Pigs Is Pigs." If they needed no more room to tell these stories, each a masterpiece of its kind, neither does any other short-story writer.

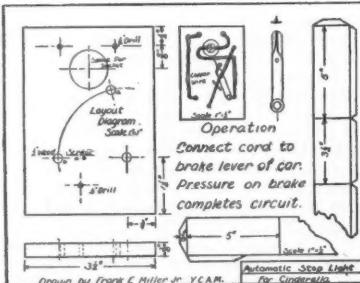
Finally, the prize winner in this contest will be sensible enough to use only the kind of people and places which he or she really knows about. If you haven't been to the west coast of Africa, or the Arctic Circle, it is not a good plan to use these localities for your story. The stories that ring most true are those which are woven out of the author's own observation of life.

No story, of course, can be copied directly or indirectly from any story that has ever appeared anywhere. No professional author can succeed if his work is not thoroughly original. But it is always a good plan to read the work of very great authors; if it does nothing else for you, it will nevertheless show how a master uses his materials. The work of Dickens and Thackeray, of Daudet, of Kipling and Stevenson, is invariably helpful as a model of how good work is done.

The sooner you send in your story, the more chance it has of being accepted and published by The Youth's Companion, together with its chance of winning one of the three large prizes.

This is a *fiction* contest. Invent and write your own story; don't ask for help, or accept it.

57th Weekly \$5 Award



THE neat drawing reproduced above is the work of Member Frank E. Miller, Jr., (16) of East Lynn, Mass., who receives a Special Award for the design of a stop light for Cinderella. We should be inclined to make some criticisms of the clarity of Member Miller's drawing in spite of its neatness, for there are some matters not carefully indicated, but his description helps to make the sketch more clear.

"The principle of the stop light is that the forward throw of the brake lever of an automobile, when the brake is applied, will pull a cord attached to the brake at a position to afford a good leverage. (The position will vary with different makes of cars.) The other end of the cord is attached to a switch inclosed in the light. As the brake is applied, this switch is closed. Upon release of the brake, a strong rubber spring forces the switch lever back to its original position.

The working parts, as illustrated, are mounted on a square board, $3\frac{1}{2}$ by 5 by $\frac{1}{8}$ in. The switch is formed of an old strip of brass. The dimensions are not of great importance, as the constructor can work up a set of dimensions to suit his needs and material at hand. The case is made from sheet metal. Any kind that can be soldered is all right. The sizes are laid out as one piece and can be put together with only one joint. A piece of red glass may be fastened into the front with "Stop" or "Slow" written on it.

"The light is inexpensive to make and a useful project for any of the Members planning to own a Cinderella."

The Secretary's Notes

THE Secretary must sound another word of caution to the daily increasing number of Applicants for membership in the Lab. It is becoming, with our greatly augmented volume of material, increasingly difficult to deal with incomplete applications.

Most often the boy who sends in an application of this sort has failed to include a sketch or a photograph of his project, and it is absolutely impossible to consider him for election without one of these vital pieces of evidence. Quite often also the Applicant forgets to send back the election blank itself. Any one of these failures necessitates further correspondence and invariably means that the Applicant can be elected only after a delay of one or sometimes two months.

It is in the interests of everyone, but most of all in the interests of the Applicant, that the election blank be completely filled out and returned with description, sketches and, wherever possible, photographs.

THIS COUPON POINTS THE WAY

IN addition to the obvious scientific benefits which come from membership in the Y. C. Lab, and of which you already have an excellent idea from your reading of this and previous pages, do not forget that very substantial cash awards are made possible to every boy as soon as he is enrolled as an Associate Member. Can you use an extra dollar or two occasionally, as the result of a Special Award? Would you like the distinction of being one of the \$5.00 Weekly Award winners, like the boy whose project is reproduced on this page? Would you like to feel that you have the chance of winning a \$100.00 Quarterly Award, as Member Anton Watkins did only last week? If you would, your first step is clear. Clip the coupon below, fill it out and mail it immediately to the Director, at 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. Full information will come to you on how you may be a Member of this unique Society—the only national junior scientific society in the world.

Y. C. LAB ELECTION COUPON

To receive full information about membership in the Y. C. Lab, clip this coupon, fill it out, and mail it to:

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy . . . years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me an Election Blank on which I may submit my name for election to the Y. C. Lab.

Name

Full Post Office Address



THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys

THE LAB SETS A FASHION
Braided Leather Belts

To secure this Membership Button, the first step is to use the coupon below



Detail of the brown woven belt

THREE is nothing quite so mysterious as style. Where and how it originates, few people can guess. Within the last few weeks, however, quite a few boys have become interested in belts made of braided leather. Many of those who sought to follow their footsteps have gone to the shops, even the larger ones, only to find that no such things are carried. The general public hasn't even heard of them yet. But now the Lab comes to the rescue with the explanation of how simple is the process by which boys can make their own, and not have to worry over where the purchased articles may be found. The best of it all is that the process itself is genuinely interesting.

And let it be said that leather is one of the nicest things to work with imaginatively. Not only that, but an honestly made article out of honest leather is practically wear-proof.

The materials are next to nothing—some good leather, easily obtained, a sharp knife, a strong needle and shoemaker's thread. An awl you can make, or can buy for about 15 cents in the hardware stores. The leather used by the Lab was Indian Tanned Lace and White Rawhide Lace, which came from the Graton & Knight Co., Worcester, Mass. Leather should not be too thick, and should be

for the other end. Now add 5 in. for the shrinkage in braiding and you have the approximate length. Make it, in any event, a little longer than shorter for safety.

Leather can be cut with a very sharp knife along a steel edge. Don't try to sever the whole thing with one sweep; this usually leads to a slip of the rule, and the leather is spoiled. Take two or three long cuts in the same place, watching the rule. Cut the three strands the same way, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, beginning the cut about 5 in. from one end.

The end for the holes can be cut the same width from another piece of leather. The braided ends can be sewed under this piece and a neat job made if the sewing is carefully done. Another way to make the tongue end of the belt is to cut three slots in the end of the leather piece and run the braids in through the slots, riveting or sewing them in place. The middle slot can be placed back of the two end ones to allow cuts.

The buckle can be sewed in or riveted. The tongue is shaped with a knife and the holes punched.

The sewing is done with two needles, double-threaded and waxed and driven through the same hole, one from the left and one from the right. This makes a wonderfully strong stitch.

Make the holes with a sharp-pointed awl. Now thread the needle and knot it, running it through the first hole right to left. Take the other needle and thread and run it through the same hole left to right. Pull the thread tight and do the next hole in the same manner.

Braiding can be done with the leather wet, which will give a closer weave and a harder finish. It can be done dry just as well, and the article looks quite attractive. If the wet process is to be followed, soak the leather already cut for braiding in a pan of water for several hours. It will then be quite pliable and easy to work. After it dries the braids pull together, making a tighter and flatter belt than the unsoaked kind.

The Five-inch Brass-studded Belt

This is a belt that would appeal to the motorcyclist and cowboy. It is, of course, ornate, but this kind of thing should be. It is very easy to make and quite handsome when finished. The range in rivet-patterning is limitless; one can let his artistic imagination run riot.

Two pieces of the leather are cut 5 in. wide and as long as the waist measure.



Member O'Connell at work on the brass-studded belt in the Wollaston Lab

pliable. About $1/16$ in. in gauge seems to be about right. This size keeps its shape well and is quite strong enough.

The Three-strand Belt

The three-strand belt is the simplest of all. Everybody knows the way to braid three strands of anything. Numbering the strands from left to right, 1, 2, and 3, start 1 over 2, 3 over 1, 2 over 3, 1 over 2, 3 over 1, and so on.

First cut a piece of the leather. A good width for a three-strand belt is $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. The length has to be determined by the waist measurement of the wearer, with an addition to take care of the shrinkage which results from braiding. For instance, a piece of leather 38 in. long after braiding in three strands becomes about 33 in. long, a shrinkage of 5 in. Allowance must be made for the sewing or riveting of the buckle. A good way to find out the length before cutting is to cut a belt the size you want from stiff paper. Fold over the amount for the buckle, and of course allow what is needed



Member Sawyer at work on the braided belt

laps over in front, so it should be longer than the waist measurement; 2 in. longer is enough. The places for the rivets can be indicated on the leather with a soft lead pencil. The holes for the rivets can be punched wherever possible, but in the center

(Continued on next page)

This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab



Detail of the five-stranded braided belt



Ernest Elmo Calkins, Honorary Councilor, Y. C. Lab

Mr. Calkins and the Cheerio Birds

THREE weeks ago you may have read the enthusiastic and gracious letter from the former president of the American Association of Advertising Agencies to the Y. C. Lab, expressing his great interest in its affairs. To show their appreciation, the members of the Experimental Lab in Wollaston forwarded to Mr. Calkins one of the original Cheerio Birds which were illustrated as a project on the Lab page for November 11. The pert attitudes and vivid colorings of these unique creatures (their appearance in that issue, be it noted, could do them but little credit, for the colors were unavoidably hidden) so cheered Mr. Calkins that he sent the letter that follows to Wollaston:

"To Members Sawyer, MacDonald, O'Connell and Boughtwood—Greetings!

My very dear young sirs:

The life-like model of the Jubjub bird, which you are so kind as to send me, stands on my office desk and surveys the scene with a bright but critical eye, reminding me that I have made some new friends, who are doing very interesting things with brains, hands and tools at Wollaston. I only wish I was young enough (and free enough from the demands of my job) to be one of you.

But I have my little private lab where I make models of ancient ships and rest my mind from writing ads to sell beans, paint, writing-paper and silks, and so I can sympathize with you in the pleasure you find in making things. Not only is it fun to do, but it leaves something behind, a certain sense of power, this ability to use a tool and use it right.

Whatever you do in later life, you will never regret the time you spent in the Lab.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) Ernest Elmo Calkins."

The Lab has a friend indeed and a fellow artisan whom every Member will be glad to welcome as an Honorary Councilor.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—Where can I get waterproof glue? Where can I get 16-gauge brass? Is glue that you melt as strong as LePage's glue? Associate Member Arthur Olmstead, 34 Park St., Pulaski, N. Y.

A.—by Governor Shumway: You can buy waterproof glue at Boucher, Inc., 415 Madison Ave., New York City. This comes in powdered form and you mix it with water.

We buy our sheet brass of Chandler & Farquhar, Devonshire St., Boston, Mass. This could be sent you from the concern named by express or even parcel post in small lots. Your local hardware dealer could undoubtedly get this for you at some nearer point.

French glue or flake glue is as strong as any if melted in the right way and kept fresh. LePage's glue is first class, and we use it in the Lab on boats, furniture and models. The success of good glue joints depends on how you put the glue on. Even the best will not stick if the job is not done right. Have your wood hot or warm. Get enough on and use clamps. Don't screw clamps too tight or the glue will be pushed out. Dry in a warm place and the joint will be satisfactory.

Q.—How does a "magnetic gear shift" work? How do the induction motors such as are used in machine shops work? I understand that these motors do not use brushes or a commutator; if so, how is the current produced in the armature windings? Would it be possible to make a small one for running models and other things? If so, where could I get the plans and instructions?

(Continued on next page)



Our Keystone Pin of Gold
and Blue
Our aim: greater knowledge, skill
and happiness through enterprises
which lead to successful achieve-
ments

Our Members' Column

The First G. Y. C. Contest:

BY the way, how are you all getting along with your photographs? If you haven't already entered this first G. Y. C. contest and would like to try for one of the fifteen, ten and five dollar prizes for some of your photography, just send a stamped addressed envelope to me and I'll send you the rules. The contest ends on January 17.

Photographs of our Active Members who won Membership and their pins and \$1.00 publication prizes for the successful achievement of completing their Fashion Fête entries.



Harriet Waters, Age 16, Hamlet, New York



Eleanor Gilbert, Age 14, Torrington, Connecticut



(Above) Mary Grace Mills, Age 13, Annville, Pennsylvania



Eleanor J. Danner, Age 17, Seattle, Washington



(Left) E. Mildred Hoar, Age 16, Abbottstown, Pennsylvania

This is the Keystone Blank
Return to Hazel Grey.

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington Street, Boston

Dear Hazel:

I should like to know (you may check one or both):

...How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a member of the G. Y. C.

OR

...How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

(Please Print Clearly In Pencil)

My name is.....

I am..... years old.

Address.....

The Numbering of the G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprises:

Beginning in the December 16th issue, the enterprises of the G. Y. C. are numbered. This is to help you—if you have any questions about them, please call them by number, and we can help you more easily and quickly.

NEXT WEEK:

1. Two enterprises by two new Active Members.
2. More about the G. Y. C. Workbox marmalade.
3. Further news of our new house in Wollaston!

The G. Y. C.

"The Girls of The Youth's Companion"—Join now!

Our Ship Comes In and A Dream Comes True

THE G. Y. C. WORKBOX has received the gift of a little house for their very own. It is the gift of The Youth's Companion to them, and to the whole G. Y. C. There, from now on, they will carry on enterprises and good times for you to share with them all on the G. Y. C. page—and if ever you are within visiting distance of 33 Prospect Avenue, Wollaston, Mass., don't fail, please, to come and pay a real call and see just how they are all getting settled in the new house! It is open Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday right after school until five o'clock, and on Saturday morning from nine to twelve. You'll meet Letitia Valentine and Helen and Carola and Louise and probably find them right in the midst of curtain-making or working on some of the old furniture which they are going to recondition, and, if you are lucky, you might even catch them turning out a batch of cookies for a recipe that was being prepared for the G. Y. C. page. You will be able to see, if you come, just where all the things are really being done before they are told about on your own G. Y. C. page. Louise's sister, Martha Cook, who goes to art school this year, and who knows ever so much about arts and crafts, came out to the Workbox one Saturday morning and showed the girls how to make a guest book. This is now all finished and just longing to have some of your names signed in it as soon as possible! And if you live in California or New Mexico, perhaps you might send them a "guest letter" instead of making a call and tell them what you think about their new home. They are very proud of it and would love to know that you think of it, even if you can't come to see them, as they wish you could.

Remember that our new house is one of your advantages, too, as Members of the G. Y. C.

As you share along on our G. Y. C. page each week in the adventures that the Workbox has for the next few months while they are getting settled bit by bit, you will find that there are many new, helpful and original ideas for you in their adventures. It is there, too, that they are going to try out all enterprises from week to week in 1927, so that you may hear about them, exchange questions and ideas with them as Branch Clubs or Members—ALL OF US—of the G. Y. C.

Hazel Grey.

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.

almost too good to be true until the members of the G. Y. C. Workbox actually took possession of it.

The first time that the Workbox members unlocked their new front door was a thrilling moment. Here is what they found behind the door: a lovely large living-room with a large and attractive fireplace; a dining room opening out of this and then a little pantry



Carola, Lucille, and Helen give a critical examination to the gas range in the kitchen of the new G. Y. C. House

and a larger kitchen; two tremendous porches—one off the kitchen, which will make a delightful outdoor dining-room or work place in the warmer days, the other an even larger porch running outside the living-room; and then, at the top of the little staircase, two more charming rooms—a larger one with two big windows and a view, which Louise christened the Studio at once because of the splendid light, and a smaller room which the girls are going to fix up for a minimum cost as the ideal "girl's room." (And some one suggested that it might even be the G. Y. C. official guest room some day, if one of you ever came to see them from very far away and wanted to stay over night.) A real old-fashioned attic, with a big skylight and mysterious old trunks under the eaves, was discovered on the top floor, and it yielded up all kinds of treasures on further examination, which we shall have to wait for space to tell you about! Don't you wish we could all have been with them on that first thrilling visit of exploration and discovery?

Possibly your Branch Club is very much like the Workbox and, if you are lucky, has a place to meet in for its own, such as some one's family's garage, tool-shed, playhouse or barn. Or perhaps you meet in the houses of your members, or in your church or schoolroom, as loads of clubs do. But, no matter where you meet or whether you are a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. or just an Active Member by yourself, you can do the



A fireplace that will be the center of attraction on cold winter afternoons and evenings when tea time comes and the enterprise of the day is completed

HAVE you ever heard of a tea party resulting in the gift of a house, or a jar of marmalade bringing in a brand-new ironing board of the latest, approved style? Of course, the tea and the marmalade may not have been the only reasons that helped to get these magnificent gifts for the G. Y. C. Workbox, but we all feel quite sure that they were the final, deciding factors!

What do you think? Perhaps you will decide for yourself when you have read of how they came about.

First of all—the tea party. Early in December I went out to visit the Workbox at Letitia Valentine's with the Big Chief Editor of The Youth's Companion, and there we found the girls having a meeting, dressed in their attractive smocks, and having a busy time with hand-dipped candles. The chest of drawers, the Christmas presents, were all there, and when we arrived we filled up the room almost to overflowing. In fact we began to wonder right then just what was going to happen in

a few more weeks, when that room would be so full of completed enterprises that there would be no room for anyone to get inside.

The grand climax of our visit was a surprise party in the form of the most delicious afternoon tea imaginable, and, perched on the edges of chairs and tables (quite contrary to the book of etiquette, we know), we showed our deep appreciation of the dainty sandwiches and cakes that had been made for our call by promptly eating up every crumb of them. The point of the tea party, however, was just this—that we realized the amazing things that the Workbox had accomplished in its small quarters, and how much more it could do if it had its own little house. And when all the big chief owners and managers and other people who are behind The Youth's Companion heard about it they agreed with us, and the result was a Merry Christmas message to the effect that the little house next to Letitia Valentine's was ours to do as we wished with for the G. Y. C. Really, it did seem



same kinds of enterprises that the Workbox does; and all the members of the G. Y. C. Workbox and the expert advisers of the G. Y. C. are ready to help you on anything.

Now for the marmalade—and most of this will have to wait for more space in another G. Y. C. page, too. You see, marmalade was one of the first enterprises in the new kitchen, just about a week before Christmas,

(Continued on next page)

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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FACT AND COMMENT

VIRTUE is the only good thing we can be sure of possessing in spite of our enemies.

PEOPLE WILL BE TALKING about "candle-power" and "horse-power" a thousand years hence, though by that time they may have forgotten what candles and horses looked like.

THE RECEIPTS at the Yale Bowl during the football season are reported to amount to almost \$800,000. No wonder the promoters are trying to establish the game as a professional sport.

WE HAVE HAD a number of answers to our puzzle about the man and his vinegar jugs, many of them right; though some readers in solving the problem forgot that the man had no means of measuring any quantity of vinegar except by filling one of his three jugs. This is the correct answer: He first fills the five-gallon jug from the eight-gallon jug. Then he fills the three-gallon jug from the five-gallon jug. Next he pours the three-gallon jug back into the eight-gallon jug. Then he puts the two gallons left in the five-gallon jug into the three-gallon jug and fills the five-gallon jug from the eight-gallon jug. That leaves a single gallon in the eight-gallon jug. He fills the three-gallon jug from the five-gallon jug—there were already two gallons in it. That leaves four gallons in the five-gallon jug. He finishes by emptying the three-gallon jug into the eight-gallon jug, which already contains a gallon. So there are now four gallons in both the five- and the eight-gallon jug.

THE NEW BRITISH EMPIRE

A NEW British Empire emerges from the recent Imperial Conference, not created but recognized and legalized by the dominion premiers and the representatives of the British government who met in London. In brief, the Empire becomes decentralized; it appears as a league or federation of nations, all owning formal allegiance to the King of Great Britain, and conceding to the central government a certain preéminence in matters of foreign intercourse and military organization, but each supreme in all its domestic concerns, free to have its own diplomatic relations with its neighbor countries and, as we understand it, privileged to abstain from participation in any wars of Great Britain, if it so desires.

There is no longer any "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." Ireland is now a self-governing state like Canada or Australia, though George V is recognized as King in Dublin as he is in Ottawa or Sydney. The Governors-General of the various dominions are viceroys in fact, representatives of the King, but not of the British government, and bound, as the King is, to submit to the constitutional limits of their power as laid down by the parliaments of the dominions to which they are assigned. Treaties may be made by any of the recognized "units" of the Empire—Great Britain, Canada, Australia, South Africa, Ireland or New Zealand—subject only to the assent of other units whose interests may be affected; and no country of the Empire is bound by any treaty made by the British government unless its own representatives have signed it also. "Equality of status" between the dominions and the mother country is the motto

of the Conference; it is that which it has tried in every way to assure.

India is not included in the arrangement. It is still to be governed by Great Britain, and the King still retains his title of Emperor of India.

We have said that the Conference only recognized a condition already existing within the Empire. The greater dominions have for some time insisted on their right to autonomy and equality, and Great Britain has gradually come to the point of conceding both points in practice, if not in written law. There will be no opposition of importance in England to the ratification of the Conference report, though a good many public men understand that the new British Empire is something of an experiment in politics, and that the time may come when this principle of equality will seriously strain the fabric of the British Commonwealth of Nations. The question for the future to answer is whether the sincere affection of the new and growing dominions for the old connection is strong enough, in the absence of a recognized central authority, to hold the various units to their allegiance, in spite of conceivable differences of policy and interest.

The British Empire is the nearest modern creation in extent and power to the ancient empire of Rome. It is interesting to observe that the constitutional courses of the two have been precisely opposite. Rome grew less and less democratic as it extended its rule over the world, and ended as a purely bureaucratic government under the heavy hand of an emperor who was looked upon as divine. The British Empire has steadily and deliberately loosened the bonds which unite its far-flung "provinces" to the home country. It has grown increasingly democratic in its structure, and its King is the creature and not the decreer of its constitution. Rome crumbled because of the rigidity of its structure. Britain will never face that danger; but it may suffer from the very looseness of its imperial fabric. For the present, however, its vitality is reassuring.

JOKES THAT ARE NOT JOKES

WHAT is funny is notoriously a matter of taste; and the student of the periodicals, amateur and professional, that are devoted to the purveying of humor is often driven to wondering morbidly why his own taste in such matters should differ so widely from that of the makers of those journals. We must admit that it is an impossible task to supply the amount of humorous stuff that the public is supposed to crave, without a sad diminution in its quality. Mark Twain, who had some well-earned fame as jester, was wont to say that there were only three—or was it four?—real jokes in the world, and that all the others were more or less recognizable variations on that handful of themes. Mark ought to have known something about it, and, if he was a little rigorous in his views, he was surely right in thinking that the original stock of humor had been worn definitely thin by relentless iteration.

There are some alleged jokes also that are not intrinsically funny; they are merely impudent or suggestive or irreverent or ill-natured. Of such the alleged comics are largely composed; and it is often remarked that the college funny papers are likely to be the worst offenders.

But we happened to see the other day the instructions to contributors issued by the editors of the oldest and perhaps the most prosperous of the college comics. The list of forbidden topics is a long one, and it gives refreshing evidence that the young editors know what is stale now, if it ever was funny, and what is never funny under any circumstances. Here are some of the things they tell their contributors never to submit:

Compilations such as "Men I would like to kill," followed by a series, numbered 1, 2, 3, etc.

Parodies of famous poems, especially "Excelsior" and "Paul Revere's Ride."

"He" and "She" jokes.

Jokes about petting.

Jokes about drinking gin.

Suggestive jokes of all kinds.

Jokes about other races or religions.

Mother-in-law jokes.

Jokes about Lydia Pinkham or the Smith Brothers.

Limericks (unless especially clever).

The following "collegiate" expressions are strictly taboo: Prof, eats, stude, co-ed, cig, goof, dorm, frosh, soph, necking, dame, nifty, etc. If you can't be funny without these and similar aids, you had better go out for some other paper.

On the whole this is a well-chosen black list of humor which all joksmiths might study to advantage. We should like to mail copies to the editors of all comic journals, collegiate and other. Meanwhile, may we observe that a good way of estimating the quality of the moral and intellectual atmosphere of a college is by the perusal of the humorous paper its students publish. There are, as we have shown, college papers that have a high, clean standard of wit and humor. When you find one that is filled with coarse, impure and silly jokes you have a right to be suspicious of the kind of education your boy or girl would get there.

RADIO CONFUSION

CONGRESS, at the present session, ought to do something effective to put a stop to the chaotic conditions that now exist in the business of radio broadcasting. Why it did not do something a year ago is inexplicable, except on the theory that Congress always hesitates to do anything that will give authority to an executive department which it can on any excuse withhold. As a result of its failure to designate some agency to control the establishment of new radio stations and to assign wave lengths that will cause the least possible interference between stations, a great part of the pleasure that radio can give and a great part of the service it can render is today nullified.

Sit down before your instrument tonight and tune in on a program you want especially to hear. You will get it of course, but ten to one it will be spoiled by the whines and whistles that come from the heterodyning of another station operating on an allied wave length, or interrupted by the sound of another program being broadcast from a station of almost exactly similar wave length. The situation is at its worst around Chicago, where there are some thirty stations, all assailing the air at once and getting inextricably in one another's way, every night. If that sort of thing is permitted to continue, no one can be surprised if the disgusted patrons of the radio industry retire their instruments to the attic or the junk shop.

The first thing to do is to pass a law giving the Secretary of Commerce or some other responsible official the right to control the granting of licenses to broadcasting stations and to assign to each a wave length that will conflict as little as possible with those in the same neighborhood. It may also be necessary to set a definite limit to the number of stations that may vex the "air." There are 615 of them now, and 70 more are said to be projected. When you consider that the entire band of wave lengths available for broadcasting is only about 400 meters, you will see how hard it will be to keep these stations apart. And they must be kept apart, or radio will become a nuisance instead of the interesting and delightful means of entertainment and education that it ought to be.

THIS BIG WORLD

A Weekly Record of Current Events

FLYING TO PANAMA

THE two Navy airplanes which set out on a non-stop trip from Hampton Roads, Virginia, to Balboa, Panama, did not succeed in covering the 2200 miles without descending. One of them broke a connecting rod and was forced down into the Caribbean Sea some two hundred miles south of Cuba. The other had to descend at the Isle of Pines to replenish its fuel supply. It then rose again and reached Balboa safely, after nearly three days on the way. About thirty hours were spent in actual flying.

A NOBEL PRIZE TO BRITAIN

THE Nobel literary prize, which is perhaps the most famous of such distinctions, has been awarded to George Bernard Shaw, the British dramatist. Mr. Shaw at first manifested a disposition to accept the honor, but to decline the \$25,000 which goes with it; but on second thought he agreed to take the money, which he intends to use to establish a fund for the "encouragement of intercourse and understanding in art and literature between Sweden and Great Britain."

THE CONFUSION IN CHINA

THE international commission which has been considering—at Peking—the question of giving up the right, which foreign

communities in China have always insisted on, of maintaining their own courts for the trial of their nationals who violate the Chinese or the common law, has reported that it would be unsafe to abolish such courts at present. The commission finds that the lack of any proper and stable government in China makes it impossible for the Chinese courts to guarantee a reasonable degree of justice to foreigners. Meanwhile, fighting—goes on still in Central China. No one of the tchuns who dwell and rule in that region has been able to check the advance of General Chiang and his army of Cantonese soldiers down the Yangtse-kiang; but Chiang is not himself strong enough to undertake at once the capture of such important cities as Nanking and Shanghai. It is said that the dictator of Manchuria, Marshal Chang Tso-lin, disgusted with the inefficiency of Wu-Pei-fu and Sun Chuan-fang, who are opposing Chiang, has sent an army of his own soldiers down to whip him; but Wu and Sun are quite as much afraid of Chang as of Chiang, and are as likely to obstruct the progress of Chang's army as to coöperate with it. Everyone expects Chang shortly to take open possession of Peking and organize North China after his own fashion. The situation may come to a crisis in a square fight between the Manchurian dictator and the Cantonese republican general for the control of all China.

OUR RELATIONS WITH MEXICO

ON January 1 the Mexican government will decide definitely whether its laws governing the ownership of land and the control of the petroleum supply are to be put into effect against foreign companies that acquired land and oil rights before the passing of those laws. If, as is almost certain, it decides to make the laws retroactive, there is, as the correspondence of our Secretary of State, Mr. Kellogg, with the Mexican foreign minister shows, grave danger that we shall break off relations with Mexico, and recall our ambassador, Mr. Sheffield. The United States government has always held that the Mexican land laws do, in effect, confiscate the rightful property of Americans doing business in that country.

THE ST. LAWRENCE WATERWAY

THE board of American and Canadian engineers which has been studying the proposed development of the Welland Canal and the St. Lawrence River, so as to permit sea-going steamers to pass between the Atlantic Ocean and the Great Lakes, has reported that the plan is entirely feasible, and that it could be carried out at a cost of approximately \$550,000,000. Less than half this amount will be needed for deepening the ship channel. Something like \$300,000,000 would be spent on creating a great water power development on the St. Lawrence. On this scheme the engineers are divided; the American members of the board favor one great power plant, while the Canadians prefer to establish two smaller stations. It is probable that an attempt will be made this winter to commit Congress to the support of this scheme, which is, however, opposed by those who want to deepen the New York barge canal between Lake Ontario and the Hudson for sea-going ships, so that the route between the Lakes and the sea will be wholly on American territory.

MISCELLANY

THE GOSPEL OF COMFORT

THE sources of joy are many. They are rooted in all of our five senses, and ministered to by countless objects of beauty and harmony in the world without. For them the seven colors of the spectrum blend and change in never ending variation. For them the seven notes of the octave find expression in untutored nature and in the gifts of skilled musicians. Sight and sound and touch and taste and perfume all open gateways to the home of joy within the mind of man.

But the sources of comfort are few. There are not many ways in which consolation makes its approach to human life. And all men need comfort. Bright as is the world, the very shining of its sun produces shadows, and the stalk that bears roses gives bleeding fingers to him who plucks them. He who never needs comfort must die young. No life continues long without an experience of sorrow.

And when sorrow comes, then comes also the discovery that, while the sources of comfort are not many, they are adequate and precious.

First is the comfort of happy memory. No grief or misfortune can take away the joys that have entered permanently into our character.

Then, in time of need, is found the comfort of work, and of the friendship that remains. There is always some one still who needs us and whom we need. Whatever our losses, we have never yet lost all.

Then we discover the comfort of sympathy. It has been said a thousand, or perhaps a million, times that "mere words" cannot assuage grief, and every time it is said untruthfully. Words that are fitly spoken, out of a sincere heart and a kindred experience, are among the most precious, as they are among the most costly, of all comforts.

"The word we had not sense to speak."

Who knows how grandly it had rung?

But the basis of all abiding comfort is faith in a loving and fatherly God. For this there can be no substitute, and nothing can take away the strength which it gives. "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us," said the disciples in the hour of their bewilderment and grief. Faith in a loving God, the God of all comfort, is the basis of all reasonable consolation. And the world needs it all the time.

"ENTERTAINING" MADE EASY

"I UNDERSTAND," remarked Mr. Wilkins casually at the supper table, "that Mrs. Osborne is thinking about entertaining the Authors' Club."

"Why, yes," replied Mrs. Wilkins with animation and a hint of surprise in her voice. "But how did you hear of it?"

"I rode out with Osborne tonight, and he spoke of it. Said she couldn't make up her mind what to serve for refreshments."

A slow smile spread over the faces at the table, for Mrs. Osborne's dislike to spending money was well known—in fact a joke to those who came most often in contact with her in the social or charitable affairs of the town.

"Yes," resumed Mrs. Wilkins, "she asked me if I could suggest something that would be satisfying—I don't know but she said 'filling'—and not too expensive."

"What did you tell her?"

"Oh, I mentioned scalloped oysters—they're mostly bread-crumbs, you know—and a fruit salad and perhaps ice cream and cake and coffee."

"How did she take it?"

"Well, she looked kind of scared, but she said she'd think it over."

"You ought to have suggested fish cakes and beans," said Eben, the high-school member of the family.

"Or just 'plate of.' That's cheaper, and you get rolls with 'em free."

"What's the matter with hot dogs?" from Johnnie, the Boy Scout.

"Or corned beef hash?" piped up Eddie.

"Too much work to prepare it," remarked his sister.

"Why not an all-day sucker? She could pass it round in turn," suggested Mr. Wilkins.

The only one at the table who had offered nothing to the symposium was Grandpa Hotchkiss.

Now, as they pushed back their chairs, he remarked dryly to his son-in-law, "Good idea, John, but tell her to have the sucker made of colored glass."

AN AGED CANARY

IT is always interesting to hear of domestic animals or pets which, through good care and unusual vitality, have outlived their natural term of years. A correspondent of the Boston Herald writes thus pleasantly of a venerable canary that he owns:

A week ago Sunday I paid my respects to Richard Cheney, now of Methuselah-age, so advanced that I wonder if there lives one of his kind as old as he. Richard is a canary.

On the day that my fiancée and I bought our wedding rings, my parents bought Richard in a Boston bird store. Richard was then more than six months old. About one month after this double event we were married—and on October 10 last we celebrated the sixteenth anniversary of our wedding. In brief, Richard is now more than sixteen years and seven months of age!

He has been totally blind for three years. He has spent most of his time for the last two years upon a special pillow, stuffed with softest cotton wool. He still occasion-

ally rises and stands on the edge of the shallow dish in which his seed is kept; on rare occasions he utters a few low, feeble notes. In his day, he was a glorious singer. On this visit I could not get him to chirp a single note, though at my old familiar whistle he cocked his ancient head—so his hearing is still keen.

Some years ago, we heard of a canary bird that was over twelve; but, so far as I know, there is no other authentic record of a bird as old as Richard, the Methuselah of canaries.

JOSEPH'S PARTNER

AMONG the ancestral traditions of an American family of Quaker descent an amusing one recently related concerned a certain Joseph and Bathsheba. Joseph was a bachelor, a competent blacksmith, but by no means well-to-do. Bathsheba, the proprietress of a little shop, who had recently employed him to do some ironwork for her, learned that, though she had paid cash down, he had charged her considerably more than he had charged a neighbor, for a similar job. She went to the smithy to protest.

Joseph, an amiable childlike giant of a man, was perfectly willing to explain.

"Thee sees, Friend Bathsheba, when I have a good cash customer like thee, I charge a good price, because I know it will be paid. But I have many customers who wave a hand and say, 'Put it down in thy book, Joseph; put it in thy book.' And I do put it down in my book, but I don't know whether I shall be paid or not; and so often they don't pay me that now I always make the charge a little one, so as not to lose so much."

"Joseph," said Bathsheba after a pause, "I feel it laid upon my spirit as a burden that I must tell thee, thee needs a partner."

"Thee is kind to advise me, Bathsheba," responded Joseph gratefully, "but I should not know where to look for a partner."

"Really, Joseph," said Bathsheba, demurely, "I do not feel it laid upon me to tell thee that!"

They were married, and Joseph's peculiar business methods were soon altered, much to his financial advantage.

ARE DENTISTS PEOPLE?

THE discoverer of ether as the producer of unconsciousness was William Thomas Green Morton, a Boston dentist, who had experimented for nearly two years in using the fumes upon animals and upon himself before he ventured to try it in practice and upon a human being.

—New York Telegram

THE REAL SUFFERERS

A RUSSIAN was being led off to execution by a squad of Bolshevik soldiers on a rainy morning.

"What brutes you Bolsheviks are," grumbled the doomed one, "to march me through a rain like this."

"How about us?" retorted one of the squad. "We have to march back."

THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

There are all sorts of motion pictures, and it is by no means easy to get trustworthy information about which ones are clean and entertaining; not merely "unobjectionable," but worth seeing. The Youth's Companion gives its readers this list, revised every week, of the pictures that it thinks good enough to recommend. We shall be glad to have our readers tell us whether they find the list valuable, and the pictures well chosen.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST

Battling Butler—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer An aristocratic weakling impersonates a middle-weight champion with amusing results. Buster Keaton

Forlorn River—Paramount Zane Grey's romance of a repentant cattle rustler. Jack Holt

The Gorilla Hunt—F. B. O. A remarkable picture of Ben Burbridge's expedition into the African jungles.

Her Honor the Governor—F. B. O. A modern woman, who has adopted a political career, finds the opportunity and the need for a true maternal sacrifice. Pauline Frederick

The Return of Peter Grimm—William Fox A bungling benefactor is permitted to return from the grave to rectify his mistake of judgment. Alec Francis



What About Prohibition?

Is there any bigger question before the American people today than "Prohibition," and who is better equipped to discuss it for Christian Herald readers than men like Wayne B. Wheeler and William E. ("Pussyfoot") Johnson?

Lady Astor Says:

"The people who are saying that prohibition is a failure are the ones that have failed to try it; and the people who deplore the lawlessness of rum-runners are the ones who are breaking the law themselves. Rum-runners would starve if citizens obeyed the law. I can't tell you about prohibition but I can tell you what I think of drink. It has caused more misery than any one thing in the world. It has caused political, moral and social corruption and never has it helped man in his struggle from the material to the spiritual. And that after all is what counts in life. In fact it is the only purpose of life—just a struggle from the material to the spiritual, and drink has always hindered man in that upward struggle."

What About The Modern Young People's Problems?

Mr. R., a Christian Herald subscriber from Missouri, writes: "Back to the home! Re-establish the family altar, re-kind the fires of pure devotion thereon, and we would cure many of our so-called social deformities and young people's problems, which in fact is a misnamed problem—it is a problem of fathers and mothers. The place we can hope for relief from the conditions that face us today is the Christian home. I like Christian Herald because it emphasizes the Christian home."

Margaret Slattery

Who has talked to more girls, addressing Y. W. C. A.'s and other girls' organizations

throughout the world than Margaret Slattery? Who has studied the modern girl more closely and who could discuss her problems with more sympathetic understanding? Mothers, and fathers too, will be interested to know that Margaret Slattery is preparing a series of six heart-to-heart talks on this subject for the Christian Herald family.

Half The World Is Starving—Starving To Death Spiritually

If, as Lady Astor says, "the only purpose of life is a struggle from the material to the spiritual," cultivation of the religious impulse is more than a duty—it is a PRIVILEGE. Thus Christian Herald, (founded 1878) supplies a WANT in every life. That's why it is loved by plain folks in nearly a quarter million substantial American homes. A subscriber writes: "Christian Herald contains just the spiritual food we need." The American Tract Society of New York calls it "the outstanding inter-denominational religious weekly of our country."

"It Enriches My Life"

writes a subscriber. Others say: "Christian Herald is one of my blessings."—"I value it beyond price."—"Keeps us young in spirit—in touch with the times."—"A power for good in the home."—"A real source of education, spiritual comfort and strength."—"Without Christian Herald my home would seem incomplete." "I've been a subscriber from the start (1878)."—"Expect to be life-long subscriber."—"Like an old friend of the family."

A Dear Old Home Weekly Your Mother Loved

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Modern Priscilla..... Three 4
The Youth's Companion..... Regular Price \$6.00

Christian Herald..... All \$4.25
Woman's Home Companion..... Three 4
The Youth's Companion..... Former Price \$5.50

Canadian postage on Christian Herald, 50 cents extra; Modern Priscilla, 25 cents extra.
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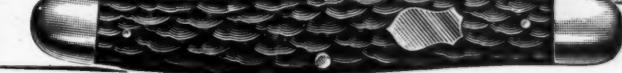
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All from Africa; 25 diff. 10¢; 50 diff. 25¢; 500 diff. \$8. Andrew R. Perry, 36 Exchange Pl., Providence, R. I.

50 diff. French Colonies, 15¢; 50 diff. British Colonies, 10¢; 1000 Hinges, 10¢; Pocket Album, 5¢. Bymor 60% Approvals sent upon request with reference. Send for free price list of U. S. stamps, also foreign packet list.

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4 Scarce Nyassa giraffe triangle, 1 Austria 1 For. Special Delivery, 1 Flume with battle-ship, 1 Flume 2c brown. All triangular 5¢
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CROWDER & CO., Waverly Station, Baltimore, Md.

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QUEEN CITY STAMP COMPANY
Room 38 604 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

FREE Bargain List; Stamps from Tasmania, Abyssinia, Nigeria, Egypt, Ireland, Jhind, Malay; 100 diff.; and 2 old coins all for 20c. H. Rissmiller, 620 N. 12th St., Reading, Pa.

200 Hungary 25c, 5 Malay 5c, 6 Mexico 5c, 100 Austria 20c, 10 Australia 5c, 8 New Hebrides 20c, 50 Fr. Colonies 25c, 6 Straits 5c. LECKIE, 4512 No. Racine Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Valuable premium FREE to applicants sending ref. for our "Mighty-Nice" penny approvals.
Acora Stamp Shoppe, 5724 S. Park Ave., Chicago

70% DISCOUNT Stamps sent on approval at 70% discount from standard prices.
J. Emery Resell, Dept. AB, Hanover, Pa.

California gold, \$1/4 size 27c, \$1/4 size 53c. 100,000 German Marks & Catalogue 10c. N. Shultz, Box 746, Salt Lake, Utah.

STAMPS FREE. 105 all different. Postage 2c. Approvals sent. Lists free. Payn Stamp Co., 945 Grande Vista Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.

FRENCH COLONIALS FREE—African Jungles, Tigers, Native Chiefs with Big Catalogue and Stamp Lists all free for 2c postage. Empire Stamp Co., Toronto, Canada.

GENUINE MEXICAN \$1 BILL FREE, with 20 different unused stamps for a dime. A. Nagle, 1101 Marion, Reading, Pa.

FREE 25¢ French Colonials to approval applicants. George Prall, Dept. Y. C., Somerville, N. J.

STAMPS SENT ON APPROVAL. Priced-lists free. E. T. Parker, Bethlehem, Pa.

British Cols., 25 vars., 5c; 20 Denmark, 5c; 15 India, 5c; 10 China, 5c. Harold Shepard, Hyattsville, Md.

50 different Portugal Colonies 10c; 200 different World 10c. Louis Morrison, Glenolden, Pa.

FREE Sample Stamp and Coin Collector, monthly Kraus, 409 Chestnut, Milwaukee, Wis.

Fine approvals. 1000 hinges free with first selection. Henry George, 985 7th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

STAMPS 20 Varieties unused free. Postage 2c. V. C. MIAMI STAMP CO., Toledo, O.

STOP! 10 NYASSA only 9¢ to approval applicants. PATAPSCO STAMP CO., 4811 Ferndale Ave., Baltimore, Md.

FREE 20 va. unused stamp to new appl. for approvals. 50% discount, postage 2c. B. R. Grant, Hudson, Mass.

Stamps To Stick

Our stamp page, which appears in the last issue of every month, always contains a summary for expert collectors of the important philatelic events of the month, and a brief word of information specially intended for beginners



Spain, 4 pesetas, carmine—Queen in royal dress
Spain, 10 centimos, green—Prince of Asturias, Spain's future king
Spain, 50 centimos, orange—Queen in garb of Red Cross nurse
Spain, 25 centimos, red—King Alfonso XIII



Spain, 50 centimos, black and vermilion—air-mail (as well as part of the Red Cross series) stamp. Design, picture of the "Plus Ultra," the seaplane in which a Spanish aviator voyaged from Spain to Buenos Aires, Argentina, in 1926
Spain, 30 centimos green—Princesses Beatrice and Christina



Spain, 20 centimos, rose-violet—Spain's royal family (Express letter stamp)
Spain, 15 centimos, deep ultramarine and vermilion—commemorative of airplane voyage by Spanish aviators from Spain to the Philippines in 1926. Design, airplane and map of route

THE RIGHT WAY TO "SWAP"

WHEN a boy begins collecting postage stamps he soon discovers that several of his chums are interested in the hobby called philately. Presently he finds himself "swapping" adhesives with them—and he should keep in mind that there is a right way to "swap" and a wrong way to "swap." The right way is to consider the catalogue value of every stamp available for exchanging.

Let us assume that the boy has started collecting in the logical way—that is, by buying a wholesale packet of perhaps 1000 or 2000 varieties from a dealer.

With these varieties to begin with, the boy quickly finds that he is accumulating a number of duplicates. The natural thing for him to do is to "swap" the duplicates for stamps not already in his collection, for that is one way in which "those blank spaces" in the album are gradually filled.

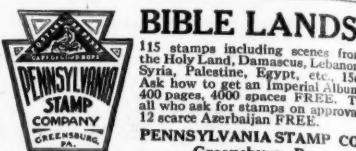
The beginner makes a mistake if he exchanges one stamp for another without first finding out what is the philatelic value of each of his duplicates, together with the values of the stamps which he is about to accept when trading.

The way to do this finding out is to consult the American standard catalogue. How to use this book was described recently in *The Companion's "Stamp to Stick" department.*

A boy perhaps will have a duplicate of one of the early stamps of a certain British colony—an adhesive catalogued at 40 cents. He may covet a chum's duplicate, possibly a common German stamp which the catalogue says is worth only 2 cents. If this "swap" is made, stamp for stamp, without consulting the catalogue, the boy originally possessing the British colonial stamp certainly comes out at the small end of the bargain. Such an exchange manifestly is not even trading. The boy owning the duplicate catalogued at 40 cents is entitled to twenty stamps—not merely one!—worth 2 cents each.

But how can he expect to get 40 cents' worth of stamps for his own good duplicate unless he places himself in a position to know that his duplicate is worth 40 cents?

That is why it is essential that every collector have the standard catalogue available—and that he make use of it when "swapping."



BIBLE LANDS!

115 stamps including scenes from the Holy Land, Damascus, Lebanon, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, etc., 15c. Also how to get an Imperial Album, 400 postage stamp species FREE. To all who ask for name or approval, 12 scarce Azerbaijan FREE.

PENNSYLVANIA STAMP CO.

Greensburg, Pa.

FANTASTIC SCENERY PACKET

Contains all different stamps of far-away countries depicting wonderful thrilling scenes. Includes Belgium (with pitchfork); Barbadoes (chariot and ring jester); Satan (battle scene); Egypt (sphinx and pyramid); Jugoslavia (nude slave breaking chain); Newfoundland (wild caribou); Malay (ferocious tiger); Trinidad (Goddess of amazons); Tunis (nightingale); and others. To approval Pack Stamp Co., Box 275, Colorado Springs, Colo. *Postage*: 5¢ to get the great packet will be sent. Fix a act right now, we will also include free a triangle stamp, perforation gauge, and a small package of hinges.



GRATIS \$3000 as Gifts
Each applicant sending me his address, receives a valuable present in postage stamps and a selection from 1840 without obligation to buy, at the best terms and prices. The letter will be stamped with very interesting Swiss tête-bêche stamp, SWITZERLAND

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Contains scarce stamps from the following strange lands: Alauites, Antioquia, Corea, Cyprus, Fiji Islands, North Island, Kenya, Uganda, Zanzibar, Monaco, North Borneo, Nyassa, Siam, Sierra Leone, Togo, Takuia, Ubangi, Upper Volta, Zanzibar. Get this wonderful packet of "freak countries" and make your friends envious. Price only 10¢ to approval applicants!! Write TODAY.

MYSTIC STAMP CO. (Dept. 9) CAMDEN, N. YORK

U. S. Commemoratives FREE. White Plains 2c and Sesqui 2c named, will be sent, and 2c Erie Canal used on postage on approval sets and packets sent to applicants who enclose 5 cents for postage. We specialize in packets and mixed Sets at 1/4 to 1/2 catalogue, also sets at 50% discount. Give size of your collection and countries most interested in. H. A. Fuller, Stamps, 85 W. Wyoming Ave., Melrose, Mass.

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FREE Hungary Charity No. 565 to 567 and a surprise packet given to those requesting my 1, 2, and 3c approvals and also my 50% discount. Charles W. Schmidt, P. O. Box No. 4832, Frankford Sta., Phila., Pa.

If you want to sell stamps or coins send free circulars. If you buy coins send 25¢ for price list. Charles H. Miller, P. O. Box 661, Providence, R. I.

Zanzibar, Abyssinia, Travancore, Herzegovina, Quelimeane Motambique, Stamps. Menagerie Collection. Album, 10 cents. Liberty Stamp Co., 3974 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

1000 Stamps 25c; Album to hold 2000 stamps 60c; All different, 80c; 500, 30c; 2000, \$3.25; 3000, \$8.50. Michael, 4444 Clifton, Chicago.

TRY our PREMIUM PENNY APPROVALS or send us your want list. References. H. & F. Stamp Co., 6629 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill.

UNITED STATES STAMPS.—Price list free. 1923 issue, \$2.00 blue for \$.35; \$5.00 bi-color, for \$1.60. B. L. Voorhees, 7 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Two Triangle Stamps FREE if you request approvals. Postage 2c. George C. Linn Co., Columbus, Ohio.

1000 different stamps \$8.00; 2000 \$3.50; 3000 \$10. Fred Oaken, 630 79th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

100 STAMPS. 105 China, Egypt, etc., 2c. Album (600 pictures) 3c. A. BULLARD & CO., 5th & A, Boston

65 FINE VARIES. 12c, 50% approvals. Agents wanted. The Neva Co., P. O. Box 264, Great Falls, Mont.

FREE 101 Diff. Peachy stamps to app. appl. Postage 2c. Johnson Stamp Co., Jamestown, N. Y.

108 stps., Chad, Ned Indies, etc., and album, 4c to approval applicants. Hill, Leonard St., Waltham, Mass.

Select revenue stamps approval, 1 and 2c each. Reference required. O. Hartman, 3803 Humboldt St., Denver, Colo.

FREE 200 different stamps to applicants for net approvals. Auburn Stamp Co. Univ. Sta. Syracuse, N. Y.

STAMPS 100 Foreign all diff. Free. Postage 2c, 1000 hinges 15c. List Free. Q. STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Benjamin



The Shoemaker worked behind the window of his shop; and crowds gathered outside to watch him

ONCE upon a time there was a little old man who would not walk down stairs, but when he wanted to go from the second to the first floor of his house slid down the banisters. He did not put his foot over the railing and slide down on his tummy, as you would, because the banisters of his house were not built so that he could. His house was very old, and the stairs were very narrow and steep, almost like a ladder. They were built into the wall, and on either side of the stairs was a smooth round railing, like a long curtain pole, to take hold of as you walked up and down. When the little old man wished to come downstairs, he grasped the railing with his two hands. Then he lifted his two feet and *flit*—in half a minute less than no time he was at the bottom of the stairs!

He had always lived in that house; and he had started to go downstairs in that way when he was a little boy. Day after day he kept it up; he grew to be a man, and married, and brought his wife to live with him in the old house, and still he kept it up. And then he grew to be very old, and white-haired, and stoop-shouldered; and still he slid down the banisters, and not even his wife could stop him.

And she tried to stop him; yes, she tried very hard indeed. For at the foot of the stairs was a little hall, and directly opposite the stairs was the front door. The hall was so small that when the front door was opened it almost touched the bottom step. The wife was always afraid that her husband would come sliding down the banisters just as some one came in at the front door, and that, if that person should happen to be a customer, he would tell other customers how badly he had been startled, which of course

THE SHOEMAKER · THE MISER AND THE GOLDEN SLIPPERS

By BEATRICE B. BROWN

slippers they were, white with little red heels, and embroidered all over in gold. The Shoemaker worked on them behind the window of his shop; and crowds gathered outside the window to watch him. And at night the slippers stood in the window, for those to see who had not been able to look in during the day. The Shoemaker was not in the least afraid the shop would be broken into and the slippers stolen. For, although the slippers were covered with gold thread worked in an exquisite pattern, and were very valuable indeed, the people of that town were known far and wide for their honesty; there was not a thief or robber for miles about; and the Shoemaker might have put the slippers on his doorstep at night, and there he would have found them next morning.

No, there was not a thief in the land, but there was a Miser. The Miser was an old, thin man with crafty eyes always alert for the glitter of gold. The Miser had never stolen anything in his life, for he had never seen anything he wanted,

except gold pieces, and of these he had such a quantity that he was wholly unable to count them, although he spent all day long and every day trying to do so. But when the Miser chanced to pass the Shoemaker's window, and saw the Princess's slippers worked all over in their delicate pattern of gold he made up his mind that those slippers he must have, if he had to turn robber to get them.

At length the slippers were finished. They stood side by side in their delicate golden splendor, in a rosewood case lined with white satin. And the people who passed looked at them for the last time; for the next day the Princess would come for them, and then she was to be married.

Very late that night *pit-pat, pit-pat* came the Miser to the Shoemaker's house, with a sack to carry away the slippers in. The Shoemaker's door was not locked, for no doors in that village were ever locked at night.

The Miser walked into the little hall, and into the workshop to the right of the hall. He walked on tiptoe and tried to be as quiet as a mouse; but he had never stolen anything before, and did not quite know how to proceed. In his own ears his steps sounded as loud as if he had been walking with hobnailed boots on a stone floor. He started when the boards creaked under his feet and almost turned and ran when a mouse scurried away from

The Miser was an old thin man with crafty eyes always alert for the glitter of gold

him. But those slippers he must have; and he tiptoed up to the show window, and took the slippers from their case, and put them in his sack, and tiptoed back into the hall with the sack in his hand. He took long steps and nearly lost his balance trying to be quiet. And he was as frightened and nervous and jumpy as if the walls had been full of eyes.

The Miser was not the only nervous person in the house that night. The little old Shoemaker had worked so long and so hard to finish the slippers for the Princess's wedding day that he was too tired now to sleep. He lay awake worrying. He did not worry lest the slippers be stolen, but he was afraid that a mouse might find and gnaw them and undo all his labor, and then he and his wife would be ruined indeed. He turned cold and trembled when he thought what might happen if any ill befell the slippers.

"I should not have gone to bed," said the Shoemaker. "I should have watched by the slippers all night. What's that?"

The Shoemaker sat up in bed. Surely he heard something; surely a board was creaking. He put one foot out of bed, then the other, and crept to the top of the stairs and listened. No, his ears had not deceived him; something was moving about below. He would just go down and take the slippers up with him, and then the mice might scamper as much as they pleased, and the Shoemaker would have a wink of sleep before morning.

He grasped the railing on either side of the stairs as his habit was, put his feet out before him, and *flit*—down he went to the bottom of the stairs just as the Miser stepped into the hall with his sack in his hand.

The Miser uttered a screech and without waiting to see what it was that had dropped on him from above, he threw up his hands, let fall the bag and bolted through the door into the street. He ran away from the shop as fast as his long legs could carry him; and where he stopped, I do not know.

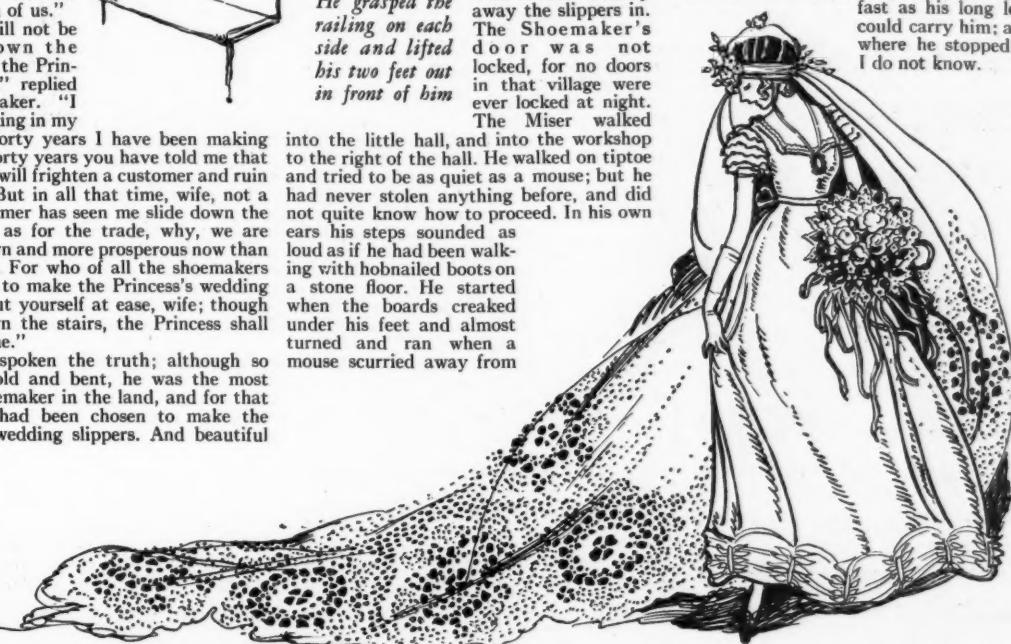


He grasped the railing on each side and lifted his two feet out in front of him

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The Princess's wedding slippers were beautiful indeed—white with little red heels, and embroidered all over in gold



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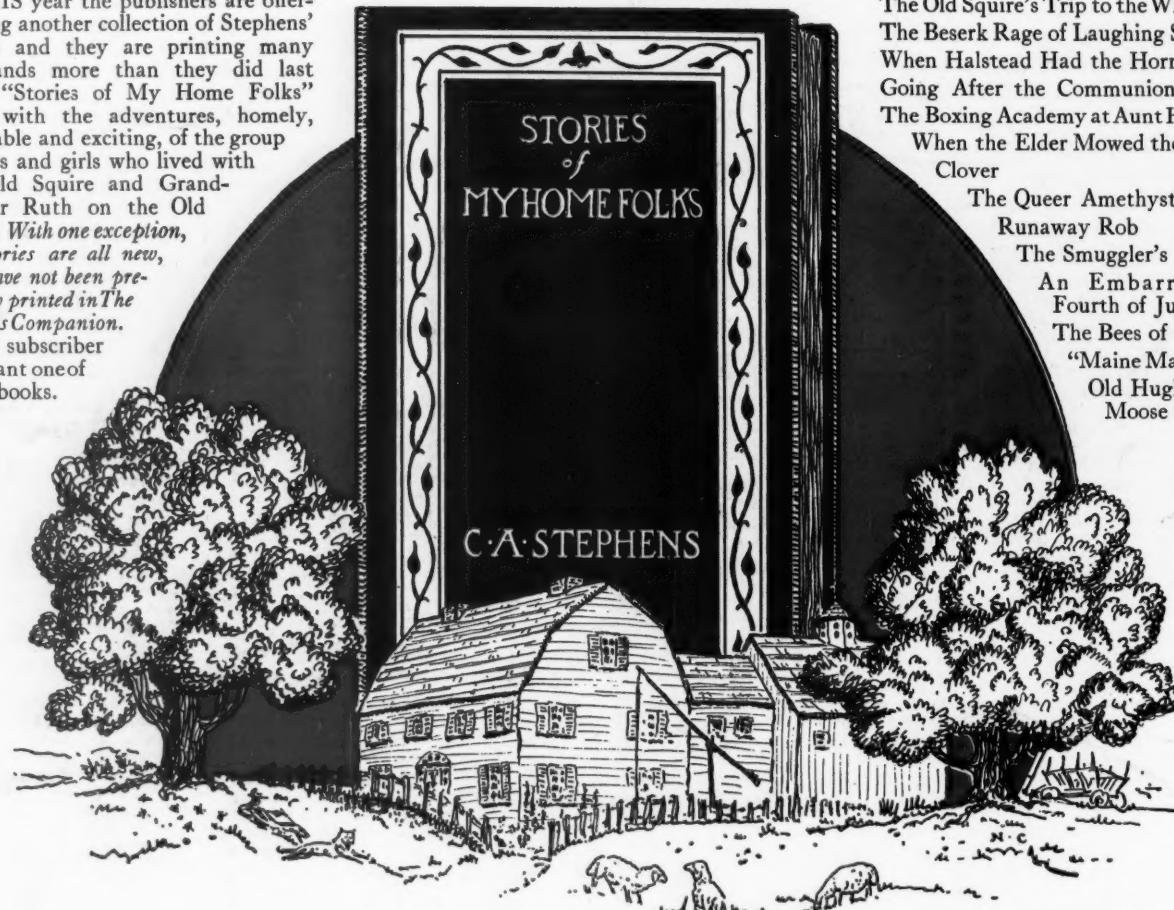
NO name means so much to the readers of The Youth's Companion as that of C. A. Stephens. Three generations of subscribers have delighted in his tales of adventure, travel, and home life on the Old Squire's Farm, down in Maine. When the publishers last year tried to think of something to give to the good friends

who renewed their subscriptions early, they decided that nothing would be so popular as a book of Mr. Stephens' stories; so they printed "Haps and Mishaps at the Old Farm." And how Companion readers jumped at it! A very large edition was entirely exhausted long before the renewals and the requests for the book stopped.

All New Stories

THIS year the publishers are offering another collection of Stephens' stories and they are printing many thousands more than they did last year. "Stories of My Home Folks" deals with the adventures, homely, laughable and exciting, of the group of boys and girls who lived with the Old Squire and Grandmother Ruth on the Old Farm. *With one exception, the stories are all new, they have not been previously printed in The Youth's Companion.* Every subscriber will want one of these books.

The book is bound in maroon cloth with gold stamping, and measures 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches and has 231 pages.



No Matter WHEN Your Present Subscription Runs Out

by sending us your renewal order NOW, you can secure free of charge a copy of the new Stephens' book, "Stories of My Home Folks." This is the *only* way in which you can get your copy of this book, which we have prepared as a special and exclusive treat for our subscribers. We simply ask that in remitting for your subscription, you include six cents extra to cover packing and postage on the book.

NOTE:—Please avoid sending stamps. Include the six cents extra in your subscription remittance if possible.

The subscription price of The Youth's Companion is \$2.00 a year, \$3.50 for two years, or \$5.00 for three years. Save money by ordering for two or more years.

Partial Contents

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The Beserk Rage of Laughing Sylvanus
When Halstead Had the Horrors
Going After the Communion Service
The Boxing Academy at Aunt Hannah's
When the Elder Mowed the Lodged Clover
The Queer Amethyst Quarrel
Runaway Rob
The Smuggler's Hinny
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The Bees of Gehenna
"Maine Mahogany"
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